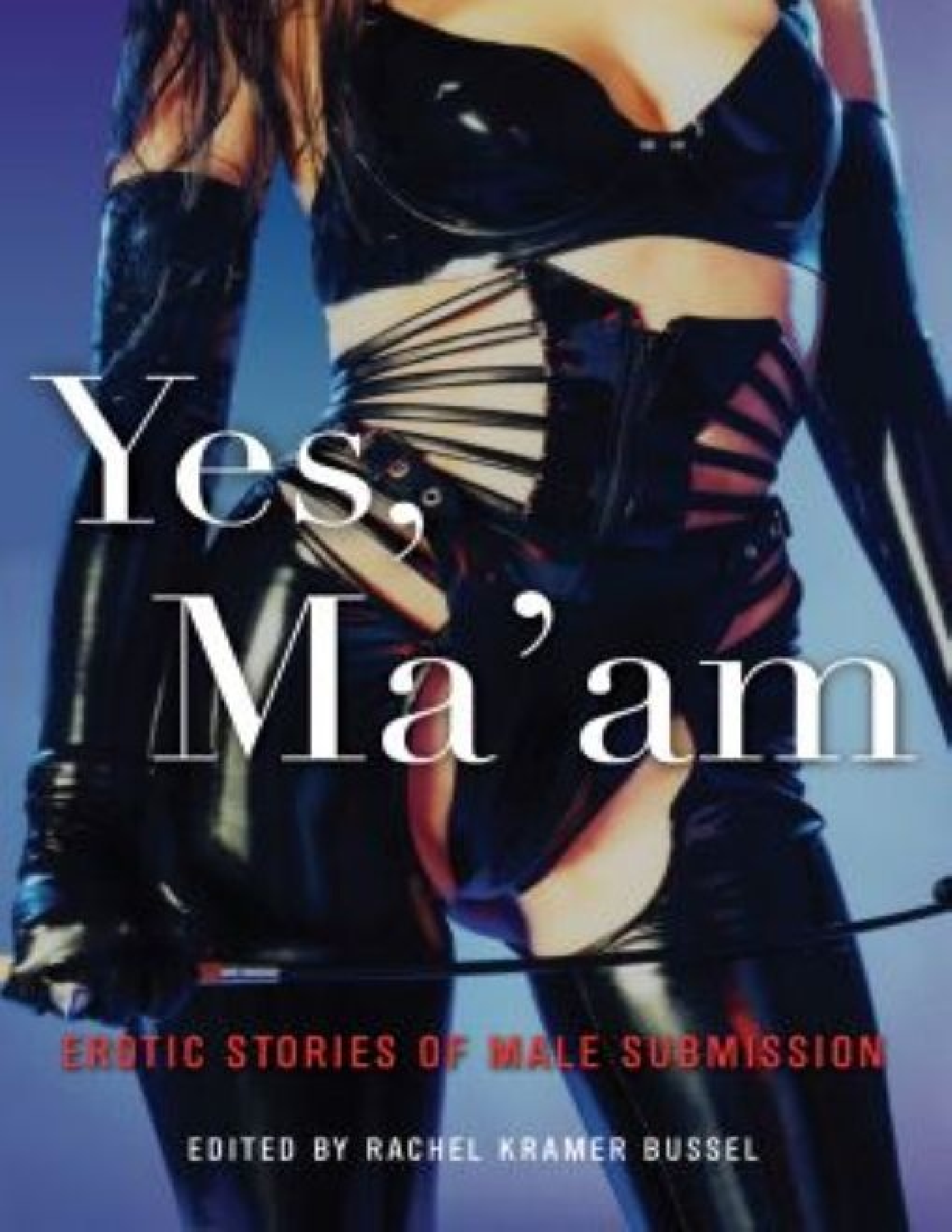
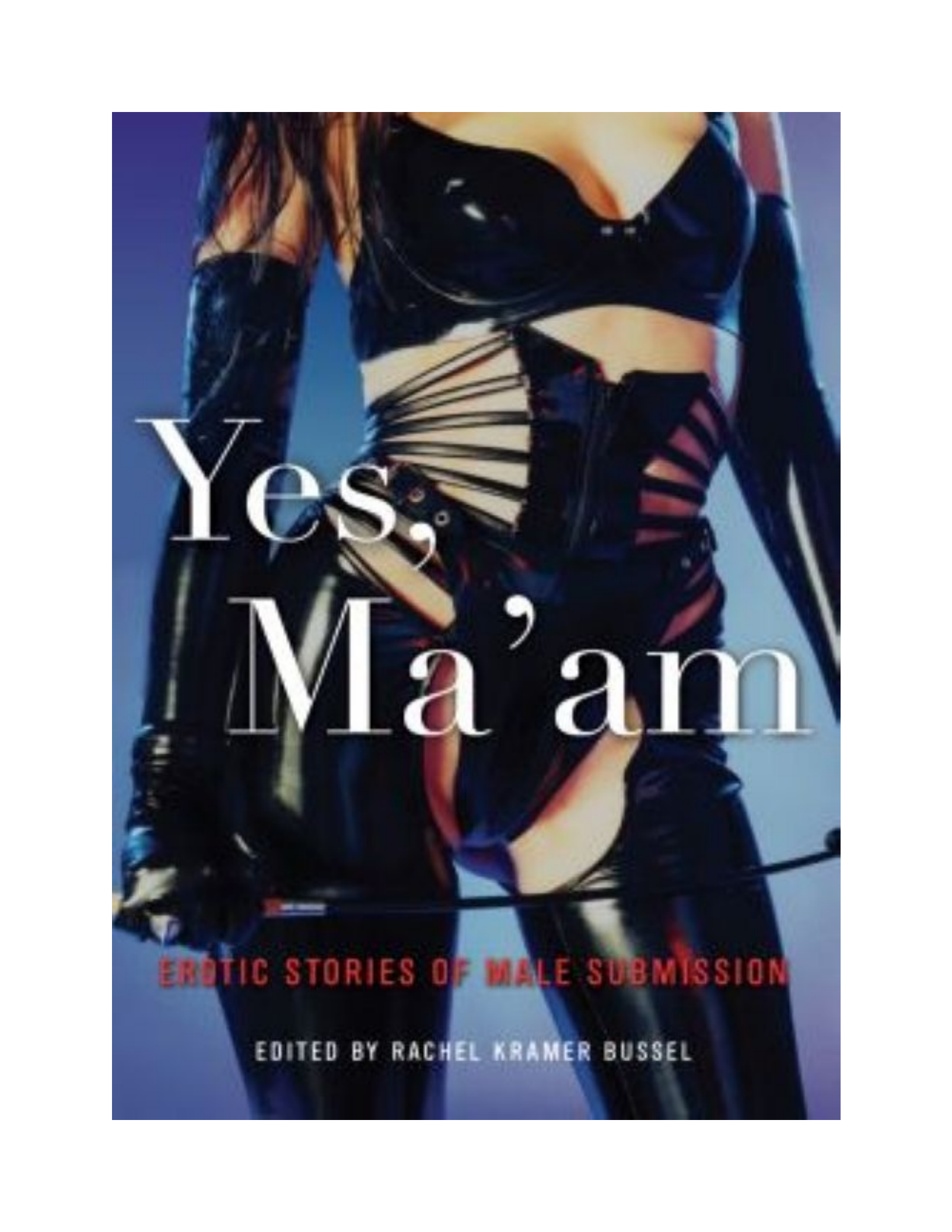


A woman with long brown hair is shown from the waist down, wearing a black corset with white lacing and black stockings. She is holding a black whip in her right hand. The background is a solid blue color.

Yes, Ma'am

EROTIC STORIES OF MALE SUBMISSION

EDITED BY RACHEL KRAMER BUSSEL

A woman is shown from the waist up, wearing a black latex corset with multiple horizontal straps and a black latex bra. She is also wearing black latex gloves. She is holding a black whip in her right hand. The background is a solid blue color.

Yes, Ma'am

EROTIC STORIES OF MALE SUBMISSION

EDITED BY RACHEL KRAMER BUSSEL

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YES, MA'AM

EROTIC STORIES OF MALE SUBMISSION

EDITED BY
RACHEL KRAMER BUSSEL



INTRODUCTION: GIVING IT UP: LETTING HER RULE

What makes a man cower before a powerful woman?" I asked in my call for submissions for this book. What you'll find here are numerous answers to that question, though surely there are infinitely more waiting to be written. Men are the ones gifted with all sorts of power in our society, but our dirty little secret is that so many of them long to strip themselves of this power, to be tied down, gagged, spanked, taken, owned. They want to be made to do a woman's bidding, whether that means being ordered into a threesome or put on full, naked display, as you will read about here. They want to ease the burdens of manliness, if only for a little while, to be "ordered" to do all the naughty things they've dreamed of.

Submissive men are some of the most misunderstood and invisible sexual creatures around. Their voices simply aren't heard in popular culture, though you'll find them in plenty of bedrooms, in the blogosphere, and in fetish clubs. After putting together the anthologies *He's on Top* and *She's on Top*, I wanted to look at BDSM from the bottom's perspective. Why would a man want to give up control? What does he get out of such an arrangement? These stories show you some of the tantalizing possibilities out there for sniveling men and the women who love them.

Men who crave the company of a dominant woman find her with wives, girlfriends, and dominatrices, sometimes bringing out the kinky tendencies of their partners, other times tapping into what's already well developed, yet we rarely hear their authentic voices telling us what makes them shiver with fear and excitement. There's still a taboo element to our leaders—in business, government, and the home—voluntarily relinquishing the top spot. Men are taught to be the hunters, not the hunted, and when the tables are turned, many are all too thrilled to be treated like scum. The flipside is that any woman who can lure a submissive man into her lair knows just how valuable a prize she's gotten and will surely want to keep him happy, even if this means putting her foot down, literally, upon him, as the boss in "Secretary's Day" does to her new hire.

“Masturbation without permission was strictly forbidden. This was the most difficult for me because I got so worked up being Rikka’s little whore that I desperately needed to jerk off,” writes Alex Mendra in “Zero Sum Game.” He describes his setup with the commanding Rikka as “perfection,” striving to be everything she desires, but delighting in each form of punishment she cooks up, whether a firm spanking across his ass or the sudsy scene she cooks up for him.

In Stephen Elliott’s “It’s Cold Outside,” the element of realism he so beautifully captures takes us far beyond the clichéd Catwoman fantasy into the stuff of real life, where a woman commandeers the body of the narrator while her boyfriend is asleep. She leaves him tied up, helpless—and horny, and he takes her marks with him, literally and figuratively, when they part.

In “The Mean Girl,” Teresa Noelle Roberts writes of a man reminiscing about his first fantasy domme, now embodied by his real-life Cruella. “I tasted every humiliation I’d ever faced in my hopeless pursuit of Muffy Spaulding—made new and fresh and delicious because now it was coming from Heather, whom I loved. Whom I really did worship, kinky games aside.”

There’s also plenty of humor here. In “A Different Kind of Reality Show” by D. L. King, the author takes us behind the TV screen, where a man is controlled by a cacophony of women’s voices, each taking more delight than the next in ordering him to humiliate himself for their pleasure.

Debra Hyde encapsulates perfectly why the “unruly” man doesn’t just wish to be tamed, but needs to be. “Fear no longer dominates; submission does. I am vessel and vassal—tool and toy, the means to her pleasure. I am hers.” If those words resonate with you, making you long for a woman to come along and grab you by the scruff of your neck, or order you to your knees, or simply control you with one fierce, all-knowing look, then this is the book for you. Go ahead, say the words out loud: “Yes, Ma’am.” Wherever your domme is, she’ll hear you.

Rachel Kramer Bussel
New York City

ZERO SUM GAME

Alex Mendra

Bend over,” she says calmly. The ice in her voice makes my stomach pitch and roll with excitement—

I’ve always been drawn to a certain type—women who are dark both in look and in spirit—and Rikka is no exception. We met at a decadent Halloween bash three years ago. She came dressed as a Gestapo Vampire Slut, and I was the Sweet Transvestite from Transsexual Transylvania.

When I first glimpsed her, there was that familiar tugging sensation that connects the pit of my stomach to my balls. She was tall and commanding in those thick-heeled, knee-high jack-boots and a short leather skirt. Jet black hair, spilling well past her strong shoulders, accented the pale translucence of her skin. Her lips, painted glossy red, were almost enough to distract the casual observer from stealing a glance at those firm, lush breasts. This was truly the woman of my wet dreams. Little did I know that her costume wasn’t her only special outfit.

We didn’t fuck that first night. Rikka came long and hard while I was on my knees, holding that scanty leather skirt above her milk white hips, servicing her with my tongue while she stood above me, both her hands on the back of my head, driving me in.

“Higher. Get it up there for me,” her husky voice whispers from behind. The sound of her shaking the shaving cream can fills my world as I arch my back, trying desperately to make an offering of my hungry asshole—

After that first Halloween, Rikka and I began to see each other more and more. We fucked every chance we got. We were a true match. Both of us loved sex and had no limitations on what would please us. Restrooms, parks, alleyways: name the place, we got it on there. One night, we went to the Castro and made it at a gay sex club. The next weekend, I mounted my raven beauty from behind at a local movie theater. Doing it in public sent me to heaven and back again. Nothing was taboo, yet something was missing.

I wanted to serve.

Four months into our relationship, I finally got up the nerve to tell her. I confessed how I'd felt on that Halloween, told her about how hard I had become and how I trembled just thinking of that night. My darkling's black eyes lit with a radiant glee.

We started slowly. Looking back, it seems tame compared to where we are now. Every night after work, Rikka would go to the third drawer of her dresser. We called it "my drawer." It was brimming with the most delightfully pretty things that Rikka bought for me: colorful frilly panties, thick cocklike dildos, rope, a strap-on harness, belts, and clothespins. Once she found a pair of panties to her liking, I'd have to strip off all of my clothes and lie facedown on the floor. Rikka would place the panties in my left hand and have me put them on while I reached underneath myself with my right hand and pulled my cock. This ritual was awkward enough to keep me off emotional balance. In order to successfully don panties while lying facedown, it was inevitable that I'd have to get up on my knees at some point in the process, exposing my backside and balls to the whims of my dark lover. Some nights Rikka simply ignored this element while I "dressed." Other times it seemed to take hours for me to put panties on as she entertained herself at my expense.

My new life was perfection. Every day I would go to work and play accountant for my boss, then return to Rikka's lair for exquisite nights of debauchery. On the weekends, my lover would take me shopping for ladies' products. We would invariably find our way to the cosmetics counter, where I would be seated on a stool so my sweet could readily experiment with different shades of lipstick. Rikka was constantly scolding me to sit still while the pretty girl behind the counter stared in amazement. Being dressed as a man while having rouge brushed on my cheeks put a hard lump in my pants, and Rikka was

not shy about pointing this fact out to the counter girl. After my make-over, Rikka liked to take me to the lingerie section and hold different styles and colors of panties up to my crotch, driving me wild with anticipation.

During the natural flow of things, the inevitable punishments began. It started out being nonphysical—I'd be sent to bed without dinner, not allowed to come for days on end (although I guess that is pretty physical, in a way)—but soon I found myself across Rikka's firm lap. A wooden hairbrush was her favorite toy, and it quickly became mine as well. The littlest things brought on her wrath. Not making the bed crisply enough earned me ten firm smacks across my bare ass. Inattentiveness to her clitoris meant the belt. Masturbation without permission was strictly forbidden. This was the most difficult for me because I got so worked up being Rikka's little whore that I desperately needed to jerk off.

And so this is my life.

Today started out simply enough. This morning, Rikka laid out some special things for me on the bed and told me to be ready for her when she got home. I was so horny all day that I told my boss I was feeling ill and left work early. When I walked through the front door, I started stripping my clothes off and was naked before I made it to the bedroom. While putting on my garter and stockings, I realized my legs would look better if I shaved them. Just as I was heading to the bathroom to lather up, the phone rang. Rikka was going to be late, but she told me to be ready. I didn't mention the shaving I intended to do. I thought it would make a perfect surprise.

When I was standing in the tub with my legs lathered, razor in hand, my cock started to throb and pulse. I couldn't help myself. After spraying a hefty blob of shaving cream on my cock, I started to pump away in a frenzy. Slipping a wet finger in my ass got me so hot that I didn't hear the front door open. Rikka walked into the bathroom just as I shot my come into the air.

"You disobedient little cunt," she spat, her voice acidic. "I knew I couldn't leave you alone. Not for one minute."

Rikka walked over to the tub and slapped me hard across the face. I knew better than to speak. My fate was sealed and it always goes easier on me if I don't fight it.

"Get out of my bathtub, whore," she demanded.

I nearly cracked my skull scrambling out of the tub. Flushed with excitement,

I stood naked before her, my left hand coated with come and shaving cream.

“Bend over,” she said calmly.

Obediently, I bent forward and grabbed my ankles. I could picture what this must look like. A tall, darkly gorgeous woman fully dressed in her bathroom with her lover bent over, naked, before her.

“No, slut. Turn around and bend over the edge of the bathtub. Can’t you do anything right?”

Eagerly, I obliged, leaning with my elbows inside the tub, ass in the air. Not knowing what my love had in mind was driving me wild, and my raging hard-on did a poor job of hiding my excitement.

“Higher. Get it up there for me,” her husky voice whispered from behind. The sound of her shaking the can of shaving cream filled my world.

“Don’t you move.” Rikka gave my exposed balls one long, hard squeeze, then she stood. I heard her heels click on the white tile floor, then the sound of the medicine cabinet opening. As she stood behind me again, Rikka reached out and held a pair of scissors in front of my eyes.

“That asshole of yours needs to be made pretty,” she cooed while snip-snipping the scissors in my face.

Rikka turned the water on in the tub and let it run for a while. I was so hot and hard, my cock was nearly ripping its skin. Out of the corner of my eye I saw her cup her hands under the running water. She took the water she captured and poured it between my rear cheeks.

“Fuck,” I said involuntarily. The water was so ice cold it made me jump.

“Did you say something, whore?”

I knew better than to respond.

“You want to fuck? Is that it? Not likely, cunt. The only thing getting fucked around here is that sweet spot of yours.”

Rikka spread my cheeks with one hand, and with the scissors she deftly clipped away at the dark fur ringing my back door. There was a pause, then I felt the coolness of shaving cream being sprayed onto my asshole. The hissing sound the can made was music to my ears. I couldn’t stop myself from wriggling with excitement.

“Somebody likes to be a slutty tramp,” she whispered and gave my balls a squeeze.

I almost came as Rikka scraped the razor over my opening. The feeling of total loss of power was overwhelming. There I was, naked and bent over in a bathtub, with the woman of my life shaving my sacred space. It only took a few seconds for her to finish the work. I was trembling, on the edge of shooting.

“Look at you. I think you like it. Do you like it?”

I couldn’t speak, I was so blind with heat.

“I asked you a question,” Rikka spat and reached up to grab the back of my hair. She snatched up a handful of hair with one hand and pulled hard while plunging one finger of her other hand deep into my ass. I let out a low moan, an animalistic grunt.

“Jerk yourself off, slut,” Rikka demanded.

I did as I was told and pumped my cock while Rikka slipped another finger in my ass. With each tug of my hair, she plunged her two long fingers in my quivering hole. She had a rhythm going, pulling and plunging, pulling and plunging, while I frantically jerked my cock. Finally I shot my load, causing my ass to clench down on her probing fingers. She sensed my orgasm and yanked my hair one last time while driving her digits deeper in.

“Clean yourself up,” she said after several seconds of silence. “I’ve got plans for you tonight. Dress up pretty. We’re going out to play some more of our special zero sum game.”

I love that game. My loss is her gain. And I never win. But that’s okay—losing to Rikka is the only game I’ll ever need to play.

SECRET DESIRES

Ellen Tevault

Even though his throbbing cock strained against his boxers, Henry forced himself not to relieve the pressure. He pretended his wife, Loretta, had commanded him. As he left the female domination articles he'd researched in the printer for her to find, he hoped eventually he wouldn't have to fake it. He yearned for that day to come. Hearing the garage door, he rushed to greet her.

When Loretta opened the garage door into the house, she saw Henry filling the foot massager with steaming water. "Oh, God, how'd you know?" she asked as she collapsed into the recliner. After she pushed off her shoes, she immersed her aching feet in the water and sighed.

Without asking, Henry served Loretta a tall glass of iced tea with lemon, the way she liked it.

She thanked him and smiled as she graciously accepted the glass, without recognizing the service technique he'd learned from his research. "So, what did I do to deserve such a welcome?" She patted the chair's armrest.

Henry perched where she'd gestured, considering it a command. When she leaned her head against his chest, he kissed her there. "A queen deserves to be treated as such. Especially my queen," he said into her soft, auburn curls. He bit his lip, before he could add "Ma'am." He closed his eyes and hated that he couldn't say it. His heart ached with the need to tell her his desires, but he feared she'd reject them, him. He'd rather die than have the love of his life do that.

"You spoil me," she said as she leaned her head back to gaze up into his hazel eyes.

“You deserve it and so much more.” He leaned over and kissed her soft, inviting lips.

“I love you,” she said as she tousled his thinning hair. She pulled away from the embrace and giggled. “I’m gonna turn into a prune.” She withdrew her wrinkled feet as Henry got on his knees to towel them dry.

He sucked a shriveled toe into his mouth and watched his wife squirm away from the caress. “Don’t taste like it.”

“You’re so bad,” she said, pushing him away. “You know my feet are ticklish.”

He reached for them and continued to dry them as he massaged with a firm touch to prevent tickling her again. Even though he loved her giggle, he wanted to hear her sigh as he worked away the tension of ten hours on her feet. “How was work?” He lathered lotion onto her calloused, overworked heels.

“Crappy.” She sighed and relaxed back against the chair. “Betty called off, so I had to cover for her.” She hugged a green plaid throw pillow against her breast.

“You must be exhausted,” he said as he continued to manipulate her toes.

“More than you know.” She stretched as she spoke.

When her foot brushed across his upper thigh, Henry remembered his throbbing cock. He forced himself to ignore it because he knew how she felt came first. He regretted that his cock debated with him about it. He cleared his throat as he adjusted his cock to a more comfortable position.

Oblivious to his discomfort, Loretta asked, “So, how was your night?”

Henry rested her feet on his chest and gazed up at her blue eyes. He wanted to tell her about the articles he’d found, but he swallowed instead. “Nothing. Just played on the Net and stuff.” He shrugged.

“I wish I’d been home with you.” She curled her toes in his chest hairs.

Henry smiled and caressed her muscular calves. “Me too.”

Loretta tossed her head back and closed her eyes in ecstasy as she said, “Oh, that feels good.”

When he heard her moan, he stroked his strong hands over her tired limbs. As he massaged higher up her leg, he watched her skirt inch up her thighs and

licked his lips. He fantasized that she'd spread her legs and shove his face into her pussy. "Eat this," she'd command as he spread her lips with his tongue. He felt precome drizzle from his cock onto his thigh at the thought and gasped. Shaking his head, he blinked away the fantasy.

He kissed a trail up her legs. She moaned and slid her ankles onto his shoulders, using her feet to hug him closer. He pushed her skirt up and eased her flowered panties over her ample hips as she lifted up for him. Henry admired her blossoming pussy.

"What're you looking at?" Loretta asked as she watched him lick his lips at the sight of her exposed sex. Henry bowed his head and blushed at the gentle scolding in her voice.

Loretta cupped her hand under his chin and lifted his face. "Do you want it?" Waiting for a response, she smiled. Even though he wished she'd order him to service her, instead of asking, he nodded. He moved between her legs, but paused when she motioned for him to kiss her.

"Kiss me." She leaned forward and puckered. He swiftly climbed up to reach her lips and oblige her request. When their lips met, she wrapped her arms and legs around him and tightly held on to him. She raked her fingers through his hair and pulled him even closer, which he didn't think was possible. "Oh, God, I need you," she whispered in a husky voice, when their lips parted.

Panting, he stared at her as he watched her face flush with desire for him. "Please, tell me what you want." He wanted to ask her to order him, but he played it safe. He'd been leaving female domination articles in the printer for a few months now, and he kept hoping to see signs that she understood. He gulped as he reached up to release her long, auburn hair from the ponytail she always wore for work. He gasped as the curls bounced down and framed her freckled, porcelain doll face.

"Henry?" She looked at him with an expression he'd never seen before.

"Yes?" He pulled back. "What is it?" Immediately, he wanted to fix whatever caused her face to look stricken as it did now.

"What are...?" She swallowed and lowered her face. "Henry, what do the articles mean that I keep finding in the printer?" She coughed and shifted her eyes over his shoulder.

Henry felt her embracing limbs weaken their grip on him and closed his eyes. He shuddered and wished he were still encased in them. He opened his mouth to answer, but licked his dry lips instead. "Uh..." He released a heavy sigh.

"Are you cheating on me? Is there someone else?"

Henry's face jerked toward his wife when he realized what she thought the articles meant. "Oh, no, that's not it." He turned her face toward him and gazed into her eyes. "Oh, baby, that's not it at all." He bit his lip, while he tried to think of how to explain it to her.

"Then, what?" She leaned back against the chair and stared at him. "I thought we had a great marriage. Was I wrong?"

"We do, but..." Henry sank into a sitting position on the floor at her feet. "It's just that I wish you'd be more aggressive with me."

"You mean in bed?" Loretta raised an eyebrow at him. "Is that it?"

"That'd be a start. I want to serve you in any way that will please you." He clamped his mouth shut when he realized that he had finally said it out loud.

"Oh, I see." She wasn't sure if she understood, but she didn't know what else to say.

They sat quietly for a long time. It felt like an eternity to Henry as he stared at the worn brown carpet. Loretta broke the silence by clearing her throat. "I was always raised to believe that sex was for the husband's sake. I never considered..." She waved her hand toward Henry as she let her sentence trail off. "Oh, boy, I don't know what to do."

Henry stared up at her and wanted to wipe away the worry from her precious face. "We can learn together?" He spoke hopefully. He wanted to reassure her, but was afraid to move toward her too quickly. He smiled up at her.

Loretta nodded. "I guess we can try."

"Really?" Henry sat up onto his knees. "You mean it?" His face lit up at her words.

Loretta blushed at her husband's exuberance for her willingness to experiment. She wiped her sweaty palms on her uniform and sighed.

"Let me help you out of this." Henry pointed toward her polyester waitress uniform. "You must be hot." He reached for her in slow motion, waiting for her

to stop him. He figured she felt as vulnerable and exposed as he did after their conversation. She shivered after he pulled it over her head, but she didn't stop him from undressing her. He unsnapped her bra and released her full breasts from the restraint. He admired her ample curves and said, "You are so beautiful."

Loretta giggled and covered her body with her hands.

Henry's eyes met hers, before he continued speaking. "I want to worship you from head to toe." He smiled and leaned in for a kiss. "For the rest of my life," he said as he brushed his lips across her.

Exploring her new freedom, Loretta grabbed his hair and held him for a deeper kiss. "You better mean it, young man," she said as she leaned in for the kiss. Afterward, she giggled at herself and blushed.

"I do. Oh, boy, I do." He sighed as he felt her legs wrap around him again and hug him to her. As an afterthought he said, "Ma'am."

At the last word, Loretta opened her mouth to speak, but stared at her husband with her eyes wide and her mouth hanging open.

Realizing his wife's embarrassment, Henry lowered his head, so he wouldn't witness her discomfort. After a few seconds, he asked, "What can I do to please you, Ma'am?" He felt his heart race against his chest as he said the words he'd always wanted to say to her.

"Uhm?" Loretta swallowed as she played out several scenes in her head.

Panting, Henry cleared his throat. "Anything you want? How can I service you?" He wanted to help her over this uncomfortable hurdle, so they could explore her power together. He ached at her discomfort and hoped it was only temporary.

Between panting breaths, Loretta said, "Eat me." She felt a new blush rise to her face after she spoke her desire. She'd always done whatever Henry had wanted and never asked for anything before, even when he begged her to tell him what she most desired.

"Yes, Ma'am." Henry smiled as he lowered himself between her legs and spread her lips with his tongue like he'd always dreamed. He lapped at her swollen clit and listened for his wife's groans.

Feeling Henry's tongue on her, Loretta threw her head back and grunted. She

thought she'd explode. She grabbed him by his hair and shoved his face into her pussy. As her breathing quickened, she growled, "Suck it."

Hearing her enjoyment, Henry did as he was commanded. He felt his cock throb as he savored her pussy like never before. He sucked her clit between his lips and hummed.

As his humming vibrated through all the nerves in her clit, Loretta humped his face and made animalistic sounds.

At these new sounds from his wife, Henry's cock exploded. He didn't stop pleasing her until her grasp in his hair loosened and her body went limp around him with a final moan. Smiling, he leaned his cheek against her soft inner thigh.

"Thirsty," Loretta said in a raspy voice.

"Yes, Ma'am," Henry said loudly, proudly, before he slid away to fetch her another iced tea as he thought about the time ahead when they would learn about her newfound power—together.

TEA FOR THREE

Lee Ash

You want a threesome?"

Jonathan poured the tea with an efficiency born from years of dedicated practice. The black leaves had been steeped for exactly four minutes. It would have been two and a half minutes if they'd been drinking green tea; five and a half for Oolong. But Jonathan knew Jennifer preferred the flavor of the Indian black leaves for their afternoon beverage, especially when they were seated in the bright and open ambience of the sunlit conservatory. On the tea tray, on the hostess trolley he had brought in, two delicate china teacups were nestled snugly into their matching saucers. Each teacup contained the prescribed short measure of milk he had poured from the china milk jug. Jonathan poured the tea from the matching china pot while holding a strainer beneath the spout in case any loose leaves escaped from the internal basket. The black liquid melded with the milk to produce a fragrant blend of biscuit-colored perfection. Jonathan savored the slightly bitter aroma as it perfumed the conservatory's air around them. If he hadn't thought it would come across as smug, he would have smiled at his own small accomplishment. Instead, knowing there were important negotiations to be handled, he kept his face composed, solemn and serious.

"Yes." He willfully resisted the urge to touch his own teacup, not wanting to make a noisy clatter that might give away his apprehension. "Yes, *please*," he added, remembering his manners. "I'd very much like a threesome."

Silently, Jennifer retrieved her teacup and saucer from the tray and brought them close to her lips. The nostrils of her retroussé nose flared as she inhaled the drink's scent. An imperceptible smile brushed her full lips.

But she didn't drink.

Only breathed the scent.

And then she put the cup and saucer down before fixing Jonathan with a cool appraising gaze. "A threesome? That's a very assertive proposition, isn't it?"

He nodded agreement. "Yes. As of today I'm being more assertive."

She remained silent and he understood she wanted him to continue. He thought of explaining that he had been reading about the differences between passive personalities and aggressive personalities. He considered mentioning that he wanted to locate himself in the center of that range. Jonathan didn't want to be too passive or too aggressive, simply assertive. Knowing Jennifer seldom had the time or patience for lengthy explanations, he accepted that she was a woman who almost certainly knew about the difference between passive and aggressive personalities.

"Ordinarily you dominate me in every aspect of our lives," he began. "Socially you monopolize conversations, psychologically you're the alpha leader of our relationship, and occupationally, you have a more demanding and rewarding career than me."

Jennifer arched one eyebrow. "How about sexually?"

Jonathan tried not to blush. He fixed his thoughts on the perfection of the tea, the painstakingly polished glass of the conservatory windows, the majestic view of the verdant grounds outside. He brought his attention back to Jennifer, looking resplendent in her black business suit, her features sharp and übersexy, her dark hair chiseled into bold and definite lines. Finally, he focused his thoughts on the tea. The sight was a reminder of his dedication and devotion to detail. It gave him the strength to draw another breath and respond to her question as his cheeks turned crimson.

"Sexually you always dominate me."

Jennifer glanced at her teacup. "Are you complaining?"

"No. I'm just being assertive."

She nodded again. Her composed demeanor gave away nothing. Aside from her barely there smile, her features remained inscrutable. There was an economical shrug that didn't reach her shoulders, a suggestion her eyebrows had

arched as she considered his proposal. “A threesome should be easy to organize,” Jennifer admitted. “There are a couple of men in my department who —”

“No.”

She glanced at him.

It was the first time Jonathan had ever dared to interrupt Jennifer. It was possibly the first time he had ever openly disagreed. His hands trembled and he kept them at his sides so she wouldn't see. “Not another man. I'm being assertive. I want to be the only man in a threesome with two women. That's what I want. A threesome with two women.”

Jennifer finally took a sip of her tea.

She swallowed and he could see she hadn't savored the taste. He had taken time to measure the leaves. He had patiently prepared the pot, warming it in readiness. He had presented their afternoon drink with as much ritualistic attention to detail as could be expected from the most meticulous host of a Japanese tea ceremony. And Jennifer simply drank from the bone china as though it had been pissed into a paper cup from an office dispensing machine.

Her indifference was like a slap across the face.

Jonathan shivered in his seat.

“I think this goes beyond assertive,” Jennifer said crisply. “I think you've moved into the territory of being downright decadent.” She took another sip of tea and glanced at the tray. The pencil line of a scowl marked the bridge of her nose.

Jonathan wondered if she was unsettled, because it looked like she was searching for sugar on the tea tray. After the length of time they had been together, Jonathan felt sure Jennifer knew he followed the advice for tea preparation laid out in George Orwell's collected essays. There was never any sugar on the tray because sugar destroyed the tea's natural, bitter flavor.

Jennifer resumed her barely ruffled composure with a blink of icy azure eyes. “You want a threesome with me and another woman?”

“Yes. Yes, *please*.”

She nodded. Another economical gesture. Her hair didn't shift from its

precise, exact coiffure. “I guess I can organize that,” Jennifer conceded. “There’s a graduate in admin. I’ve heard rumors. Caught glances. And we all know what students are like.”

Jonathan lifted his cup so she couldn’t see his admiration. It rattled slightly against the saucer. Any other woman might have been shocked or appalled by his suggestion. But Jennifer wasn’t like any other woman he had ever met. She took everything in stride. More than that: Jennifer acted as though she had been planning for each unexpected circumstance she encountered. It was one of the many traits that made him happy to worship her as a goddess.

“I guess I could have a little fun with her,” Jennifer admitted. The comment was spoken as though she was talking to herself rather than Jonathan. She glanced at him with the mildest suggestion of skepticism in her expression. “Are you sure you can handle two women?”

“I’m not entirely sure. We’ll find out when you bring your friend over.”

Jennifer drained her teacup and placed it on the tray.

He doubted she had noticed its fulsome, balanced flavor. The fact that she had drunk it all without tasting one drop was another affront to his dignity. She was pointedly ignoring his hard work and effort. The warmth of an erection stiffened inside his pants.

Standing up, stepping between his seat and the hostess trolley so she was close to him, Jennifer stared down at Jonathan and said, “Now that you’re assertive, do you still lick quim?”

He tried not to be intimidated.

And failed.

She was the same height as him. Taller in heels. But gigantic when she stood over him while he was sitting down. His teacup clattered against the saucer as he returned it to the tray. The sound was like a traitorous alarm warning of his nervousness. He shifted in his seat, hoping she hadn’t noticed his arousal and certain she already knew he was desperate to suffer her domination.

“Unbutton my trousers,” Jennifer snapped. “Show me you haven’t forgotten how to lick quim.”

He fought to drag air into his lungs. The bitter bouquet of the tea was no

longer detectable. Jennifer was standing close. Too close. The waistband of her trousers was at eye level. She stood so near he could see the individual weft and weave of each strand in the woolen fabric. He breathed the sweet scent of her Chanel. And, beneath that perfume, he caught the earthy fragrance of Jennifer's arousal.

His erection strained inside his pants.

His loins ached with the need she inspired.

"Unbutton my trousers," she repeated. "Surely you're not too assertive to tongue a little quim?"

Fumbling to do as she asked, Jonathan brought his trembling fingers up to her waistband. He steadied his hand long enough to pluck the button open and only took two attempts to snatch hold of the zipper before he began to draw it downward.

His breathing had dropped to an arduous, shallow rasp.

The air in the conservatory had thickened to the consistency of syrup.

Jennifer's wool trousers slid down the smooth skin of her legs. He could hear the fabric whispering like a sigh as it fell to the floor. The tails of her stark white blouse covered the tops of her thighs. He gingerly pushed them aside to discover the lacy front panel of her panties. The white fabric was darkened at the gusset by the shadow of her pubic curls. The scent of her excitement was stronger now that her trousers had been removed.

Richer.

Enticing.

"You're not too assertive to tongue me there, are you?" she taunted.

"Of course not," he whispered. The words came out in a sigh of reverence.

"Then take off my knickers and start licking."

Jonathan dragged the underwear down swiftly. There was no time to marvel at the splendor of Jennifer's exposed sex. There wasn't even the opportunity for him to admire the flushed fuchsia split of her cunt. She was open and gaping for him. She was fragrant and moist. The erection in his pants throbbed with fresh need.

And then Jennifer had clapped her hand against his skull. Her fingers grabbed a fistful of hair and she tugged his face against her bush. “Tongue my quim,” she insisted. “All this talk of threesomes has made me horny. Tongue my quim and make me come. Do it now.”

He struggled to obey.

They rarely used the conservatory to play with each other and he supposed that was an oversight for which they were both responsible. Its windowed walls gave a suggestion of public openness that he knew appealed to Jennifer’s exhibitionistic nature. She was standing with her lower half naked and her subordinate lover’s face pressed against her sex. Confident he understood her psyche, Jonathan knew that Jennifer was basking in her dominant position. Although the open view was restricted to private land and there was no real danger of anyone seeing them, he felt sure she drew excitement from the fact that their private union might potentially be exposed.

“Tongue me, you little worm,” Jennifer spat.

Her tone was guttural with urgent passion.

“Tongue my quim.”

He steeled himself from erupting. Her harsh words were bitterly exciting. As she spoke, Jennifer clenched her grip tighter on his hair. The follicles screamed in protest and the shock of pain was almost enough to push him beyond the brink of restraint. The threat of a climax throbbed in his loins and he briefly marveled at his good fortune in finding himself with such a worthy partner.

“Tongue me like a woman’s going to tongue me,” Jennifer insisted. “That should be easy for you. You’ve never been able to use your tongue like a man.”

Her insults spiked his arousal to the brink of being unbearable. Straining his neck, struggling to slide his tongue over her labia, against her clitoris and then into her sex, he was dizzyed by the need to do so many things in his efforts to please her. Her sex was a glossy cavern of warm and welcoming wetness. Her flavor was a blend of salted sweat and sweet sensuous sexuality. Her pussy lips reciprocated his kiss as he urged his tongue between them.

“Deeper,” she hissed.

Without warning, Jennifer tightened her grip further and then threw her right leg over his left shoulder. Her labia pressed more firmly against his face, tilting

his neck back, engulfing his mouth. The position made her more open. More accessible. And although he was struggling for air, struggling against the fresh pain in his scalp, and struggling to please her, Jonathan savored the chance to urge his tongue deeper inside.

“That’s it, you assertive little worm,” she mocked. Her voice was deepened by the threat of an encroaching orgasm. “That’s it. That’s just what I need.”

The flavor of her musk grew stronger.

The wetness of her sex became a fluid rush.

His arousal was beyond unbearable and Jonathan struggled to stave off his own climax as he fought to bring Jennifer her pleasure. His length ached untouched inside his pants. His balls throbbed with the need for release. The pain she inflicted as she pulled his hair tighter was an aphrodisiac. The humiliation of being suffocated by her quim as he tried to give her satisfaction was another barb that was too insidious to refuse.

“Yes!” she hissed.

With the word, he felt the spatter of her climax flood against his nose. He closed his eyes and felt his cheeks daubed with tears of her pleasure. Fresh pain erupted in his scalp as Jennifer released her hold on his hair and pushed him away. He opened his eyes and watched as she staggered away from him and collapsed back in her seat. Aside from the fact that she was no longer wearing trousers or panties, her composure seemed so unruffled it was difficult to believe what they had done.

Glancing down at his groin, he could see the front of his trousers was no longer distended by the bulge of his excitement. Instead there was a growing wet stain that proved he hadn’t been able to resist the climax her domination always inspired.

“I’ll call admin now and see if that graduate is still there,” Jennifer said. She nodded toward the tea tray, a silent instruction that Jonathan should prepare another cup of tea. Her voice was calm, cool and collected. The frenzied passion of her climax was already gone, as though it had never been there. “Maybe we can organize something for tonight or this weekend?” As she spoke, she retrieved her mobile from the purse by the side of her chair and flipped it open.

“You’re going to organize it?” He tried not to sound incredulous.

“Of course.”

She beckoned him to come closer and kissed him with genuine affection. Gratitude. The stirring of another erection began in his groin. The flesh in his pants felt sticky and sore from the frustration of his unnoticed climax. He silently hoped his next climax would be equally embarrassing.

“This doesn’t just tie in with your fantasies,” she explained, dialing. “I’ve always fantasized about getting it on with another woman. If this graduate is available I could be realizing that fantasy by tonight.”

“And...” Jonathan returned to his seat before continuing. He swallowed. He cleared his throat. He battled the excitement as he tried to find the words. “And what will you have me doing in this fantasy scenario of yours?”

Jennifer smiled and dropped him a wink. “You’re expected to bring both of us the ultimate pleasure,” she said softly. “You’re going to satisfy two women like no other man on this earth could possibly satisfy them.”

He wanted to imagine himself intertwined with Jennifer and the graduate she had mentioned. He wanted to picture his own body sandwiched between two nubile and wanton women, his erection larger than life and twice as capable. He wanted to envision a full and frantic night of tongues—teasing, tasting and touching. But seeing the sparkle of mischief in Jennifer’s eyes, he knew she had something else in mind. Understanding came to him as his erection returned to full strength.

“You’ll want me to serve tea, won’t you?”

Again, still smiling, Jennifer nodded. And even if that was all she permitted him to do with her and another woman, Jonathan knew all three of them would find the experience truly satisfying.

EXHIBIT A

Chris Cooper

I'm standing with my arms above my head, naked, while a group of elegant, sexy older women laugh, point, and stare at me. I've volunteered to be their guinea pig, Exhibit A in their fun, kinky social experiment. Really, I'm the only exhibit, but I like to think that if there were others, I'd be the most prominent, the sexiest, the best and the brightest. I've never met most of them before tonight, but my mistress proposed they invite me as the token cock to liven things up a bit. I've really no idea what they normally do; it's a women's group, and my mistress has alluded to it but kept details strictly under wraps.

Of course, that only made me more curious, seeing as how I'm always looking for clues as to what my mistress likes and doesn't like, what she does when I'm not around. In part, I'm trying to find new ways to please her, but I'm also simply curious about her. Our relationship is very much a one-way street; I give, she takes, so any scraps of insight are much appreciated. She dictates when I see her, and how often; no money is exchanged, but she charges in power, taking over until I can think of little apart from her. I've given up girlfriends since we met, grateful for the few hours a week she deigns to be with me, and knowing most other women couldn't hold a candle to her, especially ones my age. I'm twenty-five, and most of the girls I've gone out with are more interested in abusing my paycheck than my penis, and the other dommes I've tried have left me disappointed.

I wanted an older woman, a wiser one who'd been around the block, and Karen, my mistress's name (though never one I'd call her to her face without adding her title before it), seemed to appear out of nowhere to fit the bill. We met in the most prosaic of locales, a coffee shop, where she immediately made it

clear that my scattered papers were taking up way too much space. “Someone needs to teach you some manners,” she said. Like a teacher with a ruler, who knew how to use it, she shoved my long-labored-over novel aside to make room for her coffee and blueberry muffin. Her dining choices were quite average, but everything else about her was not.

I wasn’t the only one who noticed her, or immediately clamored for her attention. Out of the corner of my eyes, I saw the two men seated to my right straighten and sneak longing glances at her. She had her hair up in a bun, and was wearing an off-white blouse with pearl buttons, a black skirt, and plain heels, all of which contrived to make her look like she could give me much more than a stern talking to. She looked into my eyes, and while I could’ve easily dismissed her, I didn’t. I saw something in her gaze that made me want to go deeper, made me want to see what would happen if she took me under her wing, made me think that just maybe, I could trust her with my submerged submissive fantasies. I wanted to let them bubble to the surface, to see where they could lead me. She stared at me until I blushed, as commanding seated as she’d been standing. “I’d like to slap the smirk right off your face,” she said. Totally inappropriate coffee shop conversation...unless you’re a secretly kinky guy like me. I got hard right away.

“What if I liked it?” I said impertinently, the retort coming immediately to my lips.

She leaned forward, her brown eyes snapping, suddenly looking younger, and more capable, like she could shackle me right there, in public, with no qualms whatsoever. “You know what? If I were to try to teach you some very valuable lessons, I wouldn’t really care what you liked or didn’t like. You’d be the one caring what *I’d* like. Too bad you won’t get to experience that.”

Already, before I even knew what I was giving up, I was disappointed. I sat up straighter, suddenly desperate for her attention. I was torn between being silent and letting her know just how worthy of being trained I was. She proceeded to stay at the table but pretty much ignore me, reading her newspaper, and I tried to be as quiet as possible, while completely aware of her presence. She was older, maybe forty or just over to my twenty-five, but not matronly, hot without trying too hard. She seemed to assume that everyone around her would simply accept her imperiousness and, somehow, they did. Or, at least, I did. Eventually, she put down her paper and turned back around. I tried to look innocent, but I’m sure I

failed.

“Young man, I am in need of someone of your age and stature. Someone who’s young enough to be pliable, but old enough to know what he wants. Someone who can follow orders and doesn’t have to get his way all the time. Someone who knows when the time is right to submit to the will of a powerful woman. If you think you might be interested, show up at my apartment tomorrow afternoon. Don’t wear underwear.” With that, she swept off, leaving the faint scent of her flowery perfume and a small business card blazing in my palm.

From there, it was only a matter of time before she had me arriving at her home not just sans underwear, but sans clothing altogether. I didn’t need it—just an overcoat that always left me feeling like someone might detect my secret. Once she made me wear a kilt and white T-shirt, and I had to endure the taunts of schoolkids as I rode across town on the bus. I could’ve cheated and taken a cab, but she would have known. Mistress Karen always seems to know when I’ve been a bad boy, when I’m hungover even though I promised her I’d limit myself to one drink a night. I feel like she’s watching me even when she’s not, and I’ve endeavored to follow her rules, even hoped she’d make new ones just to test me. I live to please her, and have gotten to know the depths of my kinky, subby soul through service to her. So that in part explains why I’d agreed to accompany her to this otherwise ladies-only event. I couldn’t bear the thought that another slave, for I knew she kept others, might take my place if I declined.

Besides, the chance to be the lone male, the one who could take abuse from not just one woman but many, was one I’m way too submissive, not to mention proud, to pass up.

So here I am, having gone from novice to number one slave in a mere two months. By now I’m used to being naked, used to having my body scrutinized closely and judged for its virility, but having my beloved Mistress Karen watch me is one thing; having strange women observe me hungrily is another. Both are welcome, but one is unfamiliar, uncertain—and even more arousing than being at Mistress Karen’s, dare I say. The women are staring at me like I’m in a cage, and I guess in a way, I am. Their eyes, their room, their secret society is my cage, albeit one I’ve chosen to enter. I feel them examining me, trying me on for size. I hope some of them are thinking about just what my cock could do for them. I’m checking out one woman who’s gotta be at least fifty, twice my age

but totally slamming, when I hear Mistress Karen's familiar tongue-clucking. She's glaring at me, and I remember how she told me that I'm an object to be looked at, not the one doing the looking. It's challenging, but I manage to look down at my bare toes, the ones I got soaked and scrubbed and filed at the salon this morning just so they'd look perfect. I wouldn't want my mistress to be embarrassed by me.

Even though I'm looking down now, I can feel the women as they ogle my nude body, and know the instant I start to blush. I hear whispers, though I can't make out the words, and somehow I just know they're about me, and what I can do for them. I'd thought I was just here for display purposes, but I shiver as I realize that, quite possibly, these women are going to put me to the test. I shut my eyes and my hearing sharpens but all I can make out are words like "slave," "Karen," and "cock." Nobody seems to ask Mistress Karen my name, my age, or anything much about me. What they want to know—how big my cock is—they can find out for themselves. I take as deep a breath as I can manage and try to exude a look of calm submission. It's really not that hard; as unusual as this situation may be, there's something enticingly comfortable about it as well.

The truth is, this is something I've dreamed about since I first realized my masochistic inclinations. The thought of being used and abused by not just one but multiple gorgeous women has given me countless hard-ons over the years. I've wanted to be their bukkake boy, their shared slave, their piece of meat, literally. I've wanted them to claw me, paw me, flog me, beat me. I've wanted them to make my tongue sore and tired from overwork, and the same for my cock. I've wanted so much from the few dominant women I've encountered, and for the most part before Mistress Karen, except for the ones I've paid—I've been disappointed. Their needs always seemed to trump mine, and while on one level that's how it should be, that only works if our needs mesh. Until Mistress Karen, I'd never met a woman who really *needed* a slave in the way I needed to be needed; the others thought it was a fun pastime, a kinky giggle, a naughty notch on their bedpost. When they looked deep into my eyes and saw the fear, the worship, the awe, things they couldn't erase with a smack across the cheek, they got scared of the depths of my desire.

No one but Karen has ever truly understood. When she saw me at the coffee shop, she must have just known. I've never asked her how, but maybe after tonight, I will.

I snap back to the present as a waiter clad in only a pair of Speedo-tight pants comes by with flutes of champagne. I, of course, don't even think of taking one, but the hostess does, her long, red nails clinking against the skinny glass. She's the belle of the kinky ball, dressed in a stunning silver latex gown that hugs every gorgeous curve of her tall, generous body. Once again, I see my mistress across the room, also elegant in a black silk dress loosely draped against her, blood-red shoes raising her several inches off the ground. Save for that brief ocular warning, she seems to be studiously ignoring me while I stand shackled here, unable even to lightly stroke my dick. The torment is both agony and fantasy fulfillment at once. The hostess peers around the room, surveying her shining sea of dommes, smiling slightly to herself as she takes a small sip of champagne. My cock is going wild as I slyly steal glances at her. Her home is everything mine isn't, not only separated by a borough—hers on Central Park West, mine deep in the bowels of Brooklyn—but by class, taste, comfort. Hers is elegance personified and I wonder what her husband (because there's got to be one behind this whole setup) knows or thinks about her little soiree.

My staring must have subtly alerted her attention because she turns around and beams her all-seeing eyes into me. She penetrates me with her gaze until I look down, properly reverential. Mistress Karen has told me to do what any woman here asks of me; my orders from her are to treat these women, every last one, as my dommes for the day. My cock is theirs, no questions asked. She told me this earlier while fucking my face with a huge black dildo, her melodic voice drifting down to my ears as I dutifully swallowed the massive toy, feeling my dick jerk each time its head scraped the back of my tongue, so I may have missed some of the subtleties of what she was imparting.

I swallow hard, vowing to be everything she wants me to be, to live up to her standards and impress her friends. I'm not sure if they are all serious players like us, or professionals, or women who just want to capture a little of the power their husbands wield with the snap of their fingers. These are women who trade in fur coats, fancy lunches, and fast fucks in high-end hotels, who travel in a world of luxury I can only vaguely imagine. The thought of being Mistress Karen's full-time slave has passed through my mind before, but I'm not sure I'm ready for that, or if she is. I spend most of my free time with her when she'll have me, but sometimes I need to retreat to my crash pad, my old futon and comforter slapped against the corner of a stark room, my meager belongings putting me back into the world I've always known.

The next thing I know, the hostess is standing before me, her gaze landing at my chin. She's in shiny black heels and sheer black stockings in addition to the dazzling dress, the first things I see from my view with my head down. I'm grateful Mistress Karen has secured my arms over my head, because they're already getting tired. Hostess steps closer so the latex of her dress is almost touching the extended hairs on my legs. "You make a nice piece of artwork on my wall, kind of a living sculpture," she muses, trailing a long red nail from my hip up my flat stomach toward one erect nipple. She rakes her pointy talon over my bud, causing an exhalation of breath. "It's too bad you look so lonely over here," she says, now pinching my nipple between two fingers, tugging on it. I glance upward enough to see her lips curving into a smile that gets bigger the harder she pulls on my nipple. I don't wince, even though my body quivers where she's touching me.

"I enjoy it, Ma'am. I want to be accessible to all the women here, just like Mistress Karen told me to be."

"Forget about Mistress Karen," she says, twisting my nipple even more fiercely. Before I even sneak a peek toward the rest of the room, I know they're all watching us curiously. Their chatter has quieted down from its previous din as they wait to see what she'll do to me.

"Yes, Ma'am." I'd call her "Ma'am" even if I knew her name, but I don't.

"How old are you, slave?" she asks, then pinches one of my cheeks. "You look like such a baby—young enough to be my son." She twists my head upward so I'm staring into her piercing gaze.

I tell her, eliciting a chuckle. "Ah, exactly half my age—very good, very good," she says, as if to herself. "When I was your age, I'd have been down on the ground swallowing that pretty cock of yours, but I've wised up in my later years. I know there are better things to do with dicks like that than merely sucking them." Said cock is now leaking a more than minimal stream of fluid, brought on by the image of this elegant rich woman doing anything on her knees, followed by curiosity about what she has in store.

She slips a hand into her pocket and pulls out a small silver bell, letting it ring through the air.

"Everyone, this is Chris." I haven't told her my name, so Mistress Karen must have. "He's mine—well, on loan from Mistress Karen. And look how excited he

is to be here!” She points to my cock, then lightly traces that same nail along it until she reaches the dripping tip.

“You’re wet for me, aren’t you, Chris? I wonder where else you’re wet...” she says suggestively. My ass clenches instinctively. I know what she wants to do to me, and as much as I’ve thought I was ready for anything, I thought wrong.

“My mouth?” I say, hoping to get a laugh out of her.

“Funny boy, are you?” she says, and proceeds to ring the little bell right up against my lips, making them tingle. Her fingers wrap around my cock, stroking it absentmindedly, lazily, like her mind is elsewhere. “Why don’t you turn around, slave Chris?” she says. She’s combined the word Mistress Karen calls me, “slave,” with my name, making me truly her own. My mistress only ever calls me “slave,” telling me I haven’t yet earned the chance to be called by my name.

“Do we need to blindfold you, or can you keep those pretty eyes shut?” she asks me. She has a way of saying “pretty” that makes it sound like an insult.

“I can keep them shut, Ma’am,” I say.

“‘Mistress Yvonne’ will do just fine,” she says, and I shut my eyes. Sinking into the darkness is actually a welcome relief. It sharpens my hearing, makes me hyperaware of all around me. Like the click of heels approaching. Like the two sets of hands spreading my asscheeks. Like the implement, a paddle, perhaps, that strikes my butt firmly. I think I hear Mistress Karen talking, but she’s far away, her voice more of a faint echo. Then I feel nails digging into my ass, swats hitting my cheeks and the backs of my thighs, then teeth biting into the soft flesh of my ass.

“He’s so good and quiet,” someone says approvingly. I smile softly to myself, my forehead against the wall, my arms starting to ache slightly, but my dick still absolutely hard. Then I feel the lube slowly gliding along my crack. “Get a photo!” someone says excitedly, and even with my eyes closed, I sense a powerful flash going off. I briefly wonder whether I’m recognizable, then realize I don’t care. Three, maybe four or even five women are touching me, hands stroking, slapping, sliding along my skin. Then something else is there, knocking against my hole like it really is a back door. It’s a dildo, and a big one. I’ve had butt plugs in my ass before, sure; I mean, what guy hasn’t, submissive or not? It just plain feels good.

But this is bigger, more like a dick than a toy. It doesn't go in as smoothly or simply as my favorite plug, the hot-pink one Mistress Karen makes me wear, then admire in the mirror. No, this is an altogether different animal. "You can do it, Chrissy," says the voice I recognize as Mistress Yvonne's. She whispers into my ear and runs her strong fingers through my hair, massaging my scalp, soothing me even as she presses against the back of my neck. I shudder as she says, "All I want to do is fuck you, baby. You'll like it, too, I promise. Here, let me show you how wet that ass of yours is making me." Then she's giving me her wet, musky fingers to taste, and I long to crumple to the ground, get on all fours so I can get fucked properly. But Mistress Yvonne doesn't want that, so I don't. Instead I send my butt back slightly, focus on opening myself to the dildo, and soon a mystery woman is pushing it slowly in and out of me, fucking me like, well, a girl. That's the only analogy I can think of, as I remember the first time I fucked my first girlfriend, Mandy, in the ass. There was a sense of awe and power and amazement, and I wonder if that's what Mistress Yvonne feels.

I hope it's what my mistress-of-the-night feels. I hope I'm doing a better job of being these women's man-candy than any other slave would have done. I hope I'm giving them a good show, that my ass is not just taking the cock, but looking sexy doing so. And then I'm not hoping or thinking or wishing anymore. I'm just feeling, because Mistress Yvonne in her latex dress has slithered between me and the wall. She's breaking the previous proper attitude by kissing me and reaching around to grab my buttocks while other women fuck and slap and pinch me. I kiss her back, fully, my tongue mingling intimately with hers.

"Too bad you can't come until you leave here," she says, almost wistfully. "I'd do this," she says, letting her hand again stroke me, but more firmly this time, "and tease you, easing off when you were getting closer, then working you up again. But Mistress Karen had one rule, and that was that you couldn't come in the presence of so many women. I'll have to do it for you," she says, and I hear her fingers slipping between her legs, slithering along her sex, making herself wetter and wetter. We stop kissing, and I just feel her quickened breaths landing on my neck, my chin, my cheek, while her friends continue to fuck me. I want to enjoy it, and indeed I do, but not as much since I know I can't come. I have to hold back just enough to remind me that I'm their exhibit, their plaything, not the other way around. After what could have been ten minutes, I feel Mistress Yvonne slump against me. She again places her fingers in my mouth, and I feel her reach up to untie my wrists, before she moves one of my hands gently along

her cunt. I know she just wants me to gently, gracefully feel her wetness, rather than fuck her myself. That's another thing we're apparently saving for Mistress Karen.

"Take it out," Mistress Yvonne says, emerging from between me and the wall. "Let's get a photo of that ass again," she says. Someone snaps another photo, then I'm beckoned to turn around and open my eyes. When I do, Mistress Karen is staring at me with something between a glare and a grin. It's a look she's managed to perfect, one I equally welcome and try to avoid. I know better than to ask, "What?" even though it's the question I most need the answer to.

Whatever I've done wrong, I'll find out once we leave. Then she fishes out the collar and chain she purchased especially for me. I know, because I went with her to the store and we waited while they engraved it. Right now it only says SLAVE, but someday—she teases me with the promise—it could say SLAVE CHRIS. She leads me around the room to thank the women who've enjoyed my body tonight, and lets me bend and kiss the tops of Mistress Yvonne's feet. Whatever misdeed I've committed tonight, Mistress Karen is sure to let me know, in actions if not words. And like a good slave, sub, bottom (I answer to all of these), I'm ready for whatever she doles out.

A DIFFERENT KIND OF REALITY SHOW

D. L. King

The contract was for a week. I'd have everything I needed to live—everything but the physical presence of others. The ad in *Soul-Bound* had suggested thinking about the service period like a kinky reality show; it would, after all, be televised for an exclusive paying audience. Pay-per-view kink, yeah, I'd been *there* before—a lot—but, never as the star of the show.

It got me thinking and kept me thinking for days; I couldn't pass it up. I'm sure I wasn't the first to feel that way and probably wouldn't be the last. They were going to pay me very well for a week spent in confinement. It would be a week spent alone in a posh condo, naked, submitting to the voice commands of an exclusive audience of women. I would be on camera and on call twenty-four hours a day for seven days.

I'm kind of an exhibitionist at heart. I like being naked and I don't mind being watched. My dick isn't bad; at least I've never had any complaints. I think it's pretty nice when it's up and ready for action—like I said, no complaints.

I sent in my application with the required photos and waited. About five months later, an envelope came from *Soul-Bound*. I had to think for a second: who the hell was *Soul-Bound*? I was about to throw it in the recycle bin when it hit me—starring in pay-per-view kink! I'd all but forgotten about it.

They wanted me. Cool. Of course they did. Why wouldn't they?

I took a week's vacation from work and on a Saturday night, drove across the Verrazano to an industrial-looking building in Midtown with its own underground garage. The elevator opened onto a reception desk on the fifth floor. The guy manning the desk asked for my ID, and after scrutinizing it,

announced my presence to someone at the other end of a phone line.

“Okay, follow me,” he said after hanging up the phone. “You ever done any professional work before?”

“Well, yeah, I’m a CPA at a firm in Jersey.”

“No man, porn work. You know, sex work. You done any sex work before this?”

“Oh, I see. Porn. Yeah, well, yeah. I mean no. I mean—porn?”

“Yeah buddy; porn. Waddya think? I mean, you’re gonna be naked, on camera, for a week. Waddya think it is? But hey, if you got a problem, you gotta let me know now. No one’s gonna let you outta there unless you’re sick or somethin’ once you go in, ya know? So? You still wanna do this?”

“Well, um, yeah—I guess. I mean, yeah, sure. Why not?”

“All right then. Everything’s on this floor. We got the whole loft. Inside, it’s nice. You got everything you need. There’s food and stuff to read and tapes ’n’ stuff to watch. You don’t get TV, but there’s DVDs and stuff. All you gotta do is what the ladies tell you to.

“Nobody’s gonna come in and you can’t come out until your time’s up or they kick you out. You signed a contract that said you’d do what you were told and that’s all you gotta do. If nobody’s tellin’ you to do anything, you can do what you want, but when somebody tells you to do something, you gotta drop whatever you’re doing and do it. Get me?”

“Yes, I know.” The guy was getting on my nerves. Or maybe the whole thing was beginning to get on my nerves.

“Now look, and this is important, you gotta do everything they say or at least try to do it. If you don’t do something or you refuse, you don’t get paid, see. You understand?”

“Yeah, okay.” He stared at me like I wasn’t getting it. I was getting it.

“All right, so, there are cameras everywhere in the loft. There’s no place you won’t be on camera, okay?”

I nodded. We were standing in front of a door, in a hallway behind the reception desk.

“All right. You can take off your clothes and everything here.” He handed me a locker key and said I should put all my belongings in the locker and take the key inside the living space with me. He said I could put it in a bowl by the door, that way, I wouldn’t lose it.

“Cause you lose your key, you’re gonna be the one who has to pay to get the lock cut off.”

“Yeah, okay.” I very quickly got out of my clothes and folded them up in the locker. I just wanted to get inside.

“You gotta take off all the jewelry and the watch too.”

“Yeah, all right.” Finally I stood in front of the door, completely naked and a little chilled, key in hand. There seemed to be a draft. I hadn’t thought about it before but some of these old buildings, well, you had to expect it. I really hoped I wouldn’t freeze to death for an entire week.

He unlocked the door. “Okay pal, have a good one,” he said, and in I walked.

I heard the door close and the lock slide home behind me but I was too concerned with what was in front of me to pay much attention. There was no draft. There weren’t any windows. Everything was white. I detected a light scent of lavender in the air as my feet sunk into the thick carpet. A white velvet couch faced a huge plasma screen on the opposite wall. In front of the couch was a large white plastic low table, one of those really expensive ones you see in magazines. Below the TV was a table with a white DVD player and two shelves of white-sleeved DVDs. There were small white speakers on stands at each corner of the room.

If I continued in a straight line from the door, I came to a white dining table with one straight-backed chair and then the kitchen. The kitchen was no different; white counter and sinks, white appliances, white dinnerware but stainless silverware and pots and pans. The glasses were a frosted white. I wondered if the food would somehow be white too.

The bedroom, off the living room, held a king-sized bed with a white anodized barred head and footboard. The bathroom had a white tile floor and mirrors covering the walls opposite the sink, shower, toilet and tub. Back in the bedroom, I noticed a nightstand by the bed with a shelf of white-covered books.

Walking back into the bathroom I lifted the seat and began a much-needed

piss. It was slightly weird, gazing at myself in the floor-to-ceiling-mirror behind the toilet.

“Don’t make a mess, boy. You’ll have to clean it up with your tongue. No one likes a messy boy, do they?”

I stopped in midstream and looked around, my hands automatically going up to cover my cock and balls. I heard a chorus of female voices commenting on messy guys and then the first voice said, “What do you think you’re doing? Take those hands away!”

I removed my hands and said, “Sorry, Ma’am.”

“Pretty shouldn’t speak unless he’s asked a direct question. But he is very pretty, isn’t he?”

“Prettier than his pictures, I’d say.”

“Finish going to the bathroom, boy.”

I was frozen in place with one hand holding my cock, looking around the room for the cameras, but I couldn’t find them.

“What’s the matter, Pretty? Don’t like an audience? We’ll be quiet. Just pretend we’re not here.” There was some quiet snickering and whispering and then nothing but the occasional quiet cough.

This was what I was getting paid for, I guessed. I had never truly thought about what “on camera 24/7” really meant. But I had to go and so I went. As I was washing my hands, the first voice spoke again.

“Hurry it up boy. It’s time to learn the rules. Go back to the living room and take a seat in the middle of the sofa.”

Once I was back in the living room, she continued. “Spread those legs. Whenever you sit, your legs are to be spread as wide as possible. Better. You’ll do what we tell you. Whatever we tell you, or you’ll be forced to leave without pay.”

I have to say, I was beginning to feel like I might not have made such a good decision. She talked about how any of the women, at any time, could give me a command and I’d have to execute it. And if they told me to stop, I’d better stop whatever I was doing.

She said there were lots of toys in the apartment, which they might direct me

to play with. She said there were magnetic restraints which, once I'd put them on, only she and her friends had the power to remove. She also said I would have plenty of free time to do anything I wanted. There were movies to watch and books to read.

"Any questions, Pretty?" I could hear in her voice this was my new nickname, capital letter included.

I thought of about a million things to ask, but simply said, "No, Ma'am."

"That's fine then. Masturbate for us."

And that was my introduction to the house. Of course, I didn't mind jacking off to the cameras, I enjoyed it, being the exhibitionist I am. It was when I got close to coming that the point of their control was driven home.

"Stop."

I didn't stop right away.

"I *said*, 'Stop!' If you come, you're out of here right now. It would be a shame to get kicked out less than an hour after arrival."

I stopped, right hand still wrapped around my shaft, which stood hard and straight.

"You'll get used to it. Now, on the dining table you'll find a set of wrist and ankle cuffs. Put them on."

I found them. Fitting with the theme, they were white leather. I couldn't see how to fasten them on because there didn't seem to be any buckles or locks.

"Just wrap it around your wrist."

I did as I was told and felt the ends come together with a strong magnetic pull. I gave it a yank but it refused to budge.

"Magnetic restraints. I told you."

When I had them all fastened, another voice told me to go pick out a movie and put it in the DVD player. My hard-on hadn't subsided yet and the cuffs were adding to my arousal. I don't know what it is about cuffs, but you feel somehow more naked when you're wearing them, or at least, I do.

The movies didn't have any titles or cover pictures but each was numbered. Which should I choose? I opened a box and found a white DVD with a number

corresponding to the box cover.

“Oh, for heaven’s sake, just put in number twenty-three.”

“I suppose we’re going to have to tell him everything.”

“So many pretty boys are indecisive.”

“It’s all right, Pretty, we didn’t choose you for your brains.”

“Oh look, now you’ve gone and hurt his feelings!”

“She didn’t mean it, Pretty. We’re all sure you’re very smart, aren’t we, ladies?”

I turned beet red to choruses of, “Yes, yes,” “Sure,” and, “Of course we do,” while I put the requested DVD in. They had me go back to the couch and sit down again. This time I remembered to sit with my legs apart. As the opening credits flashed, they told me to put my hands behind my back and as soon as I did, I felt my wrists snap together in magnetic restraint.

It was a porn movie. It figured. It was okay, but it really didn’t do that much for me. It had mostly attractive women with fake boobs swimming together nude. Then some guys came over and fucked ’em in a few different ways. Pretty standard fare, really. So I leaned back and watched while my cock wilted. They freed my hands and had me change the movie a few times. I guess they were trying to get to know me, or at least my taste in porn.

Each time I changed the movie, they’d restrain my hands again. Eventually, I came across a movie I liked, as evidenced by my returning hard-on. Surprise, surprise, it was about some ball-busting women tying some guy up and fucking him in front of an audience. See, he didn’t know there was going to be an audience until he was already tied up, then they opened some curtains and he could see a room full of people watching. I really liked that part. I told you I was an exhibitionist!

Then three different women fucked him with strap-ons. I didn’t think I’d like that part, but I did. Or at least my cock did. That kind of disturbed me a little bit—that my cock seemed to like that so much—but I wasn’t too scared because I knew I was alone and no one was going to come in and do that to me.

The voices made all sorts of comments about what I liked and what they should do to me and about all the precome dripping from my cock. They put a

close-up of my cock on the TV screen for me to watch in an inset box alongside the movie. That was kind of cool. You never see yourself like that. I mean, even if you watch yourself masturbate, the angle's different, you know?

At one point in the movie, this one woman was scratching the guy's balls with these long metal clawlike things on the ends of her fingers. I guess my legs started to come together and the woman who seemed to be in charge barked, "Keep those legs apart!" The next thing I knew, my feet were rooted to the floor, with my legs really wide apart.

"There are magnetic points in strategic places that we can activate, Pretty. Why, what sort of fun would it be if we couldn't tether you to something when we wanted to? Yes, there are points like this all over, not just in the floor, but you'll see. It seems we have a live one, girls!"

The movie I was watching ended but another came on right after it. This one showed a guy attached to a wall, again with an audience. There was only one woman in it. She was beautiful but really mean. You could tell she liked hurting the guy. Like when you watch a horror movie, I couldn't keep my eyes off her.

"Mmm, Pretty, Pretty. You like that, don't you?"

I almost hadn't heard her. No, I didn't like that. I wasn't into that sort of thing. I stole a glance at my cock on the screen and saw it bobbing and dancing. They unfastened my wrists and the woman told me I could touch myself. My hands raced to my shaft and started pumping.

"Stop!"

It took me a second, but I managed to stop.

"I'm going to let you come, but I'll tell you when. There's a part coming up here that I think you'll really like. It'd be a shame if you came too soon and missed it, don't you think?"

They freed my hands. "Press PAUSE on the remote." They freed my legs and told me to open the drawer in the coffee table. Toys. There were lots of different kinds of toys. There were things in there I had no idea how to use or what they might be meant for.

"Now Pretty, you see that sweet little red butt plug?"

I suppose I hadn't really been thinking when I looked in the drawer that these

were for me to use—on myself! Whoa, butt plug? And it wasn't "little" either. Somehow, I gave myself away.

"What's the matter, Pretty, never used one of those? Ooh, I think you'll like it. Don't you think he'll like it, girls?"

Once again, there were choruses of, "Oh yes," and, "You know it."

"And besides, it's always so much fun watching a sweet little anal virgin trying to insert his first plug! Here's what you're gonna do, Pretty; you're going to pick up that bottle of lube and the red plug, close the drawer, and walk around the table so you're standing between the TV and the table. That's right. Now, you're going to bend over and put your hands on the tabletop. Yes, that's nice. Now, take your hands off the table—no, no, don't stand up—grab your buttcheeks and spread 'em. We want to see that lovely virgin hole of yours. That's right.

"Okay, you can let go. Now, squeeze some lube on your right index finger and rub it over your anus. Yes, now get some more lube and do it again. Push your finger in a little bit. Doesn't that feel nice?"

And you know what? It did feel good. I wasn't going to tell her that, but it did kind of turn me on. I'd never done anything like that before. I never thought I'd want to. I mean, I've fucked a girl in the ass before and I really liked it, but I never wanted to put anything in *my* ass. It kind of sent a chill down my spine, into my balls.

"Answer me, boy, doesn't it feel nice?"

"Uh, no." It wasn't a total lie, but it wasn't the total truth either.

"Well, that's a shame. I guess you'll be pretty uncomfortable for a while then. Squeeze some lube on the tip of the plug and coat the whole thing. You need more than that." I followed her instructions, slicking the plug with the liquid. "That's better. Now, reach back and pull your cheeks apart with your left hand and find your asshole with the plug."

There was some giggling while I tried to locate the right place. I started sweating. My hard-on was gone and I was getting more and more embarrassed, but also more and more aroused. Finally I found my asshole. Listen, it's not that easy when you're doing it for the first time and people are watching.

"That's it. Now slowly push it in. Keep going."

It hurt. I thought it might feel good, and it did, slightly, but it also hurt, straining my unused anal muscles to the max. I told them it hurt and they said it wouldn't hurt for long and to keep going. I finally got it in; I felt my ass close over the bump and the plug sort of got sucked up and held tight. She was right, it didn't hurt anymore. It felt all right—nice, actually. The longer it was in there, the less I felt it.

“Stand up, Pretty.”

I felt it then, like an electric shock straight to my cock, which wasn't so soft anymore, by the way. She told me to walk around to the couch again and take a seat. Walking was an interesting experience. Sitting down was an even more interesting experience.

“Press PLAY and put your hands behind your back again. That's right, squirm all you like, but open those legs.”

I felt the magnets lock as the movie started again. It was hard to concentrate on the movie with the butt plug in. I couldn't keep still, and every time I moved, another foreign sensation would take hold of my cock or my balls.

It wasn't until the bitch in the movie shoved a big plug into the guy she'd been tormenting earlier that I was drawn back to watching. I realized my hands were free and they were wrapped around my cock. I have no idea how they got there, but there they were. She started smacking his balls with a riding crop and his cock got harder and harder. So had mine. I was riveted to the screen and whacking off for all I was worth. I think I'd forgotten where I was.

When she told me to come, I almost didn't hear her. I probably would have come anyway and I bet she knew it. The woman in the movie gave the guy a really hard smack on the side of his cock and he just exploded. So did I. Holy shit, I'd never felt anything like that, and you've got to remember, this was just the first day, the first few hours!

Oh fuck! I wasn't going to tell you what it was that turned me on that much....

I've only been home a few days and I still can't believe all the stuff that happened.

You know what she said before I left—the woman who made me do most of

those crazy things? She said she was also the woman in that video I was watching. That same woman was in a lot of the videos, at least a lot of the videos they made me watch. I think she lives here. Yeah, well, probably not in Staten Island, but I bet she lives in the City.

Listen, actually, that's why I'm telling you all this stuff. See I got this idea. I really have to find her. I guess maybe I'm a little obsessed, you know? So I was wondering if I could borrow your gallery space. I mean, I know you only get to show there once a year and all, but it would be perfect, and besides, I'll make it up to you, man. But, a lady like her—I bet she goes to lots of art openings. Anyway, she'd want to see this one. There's no way she would pass it up.

It would be just like at the loft, only this time it would be open to the public. Don't they still do that performance art stuff? It'd be like that. People could come in and watch me and tell me what to do, but only the ladies. And then when she showed up to see what all the noise was about, well then I could talk to her. I could tell her I wanted to do...I could tell her I wanted to be her slave, or... Okay, that sounds lame, but you know what I mean.

So could I borrow your space? Please? I can't stand it; I just have to find her. I think this would really impress her. I know she liked me and if I could only see her in person, just once, I know everything would work out right.

SECRETARY'S DAY

Rachel Kramer Bussel

The day of my interview with one of the top law firms in New York City, I'm sweating through my brand-new designer suit, desperately mopping at my brow as I try to look composed. I'm fresh out of Rutgers, making my way through round after round of Manhattan office buildings, steep high-rises filled with bankers, lawyers, editors, and businessmen. Being a male applying for a job as an administrative assistant in the year 2007 is no easy task, let me tell you. Sure, we've said that we're all about equal opportunity, but to the minds of most bosses, the job is still that of a secretary, and she should be wearing a suit, heels and pearls. I've done plenty of temp work, can type one hundred words per minute, and am prompt and efficient, not to mention having edited the school paper, but so-so grades and a major in American studies have landed me here today.

Well, that and the fact that women in suits make my cock hard. Unbearably hard. So hard it's almost painful. Women with power, the power to tower over me, to snap their fingers and make me obey; women who need their phones answered, need coffee brought to them, need a man "ready for anything," as the classic David Allen business book advises. The kind of woman who's got so much going on, who's turbo-charged and needs someone to keep her action-packed, meeting-filled day running smoothly, that's the kind I dream about.

I've never told anyone about these fantasies, but I've had them for as long as I can remember. While my buddies went for the hot cheerleader types or the sweet girls-next-door, I was after the valedictorian, Audrey Hayden (and occasionally fantasized about our very prim and proper English teacher, who was actually British). With Audrey, I loved the way she raised her hand so knowingly in class,

the smug look on her face when she finished a test, and, most especially, seeing her in her interview suits. She looked so efficient, so strong, like she could take over the world, become president or an ambassador. Power wasn't something she questioned, but something she owned, and rather than wanting power of my own, I wanted her power unleashed on me. With Audrey, I never got up the courage to tell her how I felt, just looked longingly at her from afar.

Aside from my fetish, the fact is, if I want to move out of my parents' house in Hackensack, I need to get a job fast. I've been grilled about my background, ambitions, and educational history, usually by creaky older guys who look like they could barely get it up in the sack, let alone submit to a woman if they were smart enough to know how exciting it would be. Or could be, I guess I should say, since I've never actually realized these fantasies. I'm just starting to drift off into my go-to jerk-off material, where I'm down on all fours getting my ass inspected by a woman with sharp, spiky heels, bright red lipstick, and a voice that could cut glass, when I hear my name called...by a woman who looks like she's walked straight out of my naughty daydreams.

"Matthew Brick!" she calls, my name ringing out amongst the other, all female, applicants. I stand up uncertainly; I definitely arrived after a few of the women here, and we all signed in on a clipboard. Some of them sigh, chomp their gum, blow their bangs huffily off of their foreheads. They've noticed this preferential treatment, too. But I look up at the woman with gleaming black hair done up in a bun, wire-rim glasses, an off-white blouse, navy skirt, bare legs and four-inch heels, and follow her, doing my best to look professional. "I'm Ms. Davis," she says, and something about the way she introduces herself—the inscrutable Ms., the lack of a first name, the clipped tone—further sets me off. "I'm the senior partner here and in charge of overseeing the office, so this position will require a lot from whoever gets it. I expect my assistant to be at my beck and call pretty much twenty-four hours a day. You'll have a BlackBerry and cell phone and I expect you to keep them on at all times." She's talking like I already have the job, while I try to keep my eyes straight ahead instead of on her ass as we walk down a long hallway, but it's hard not to stare. It's even harder not to picture myself on my knees, wrists bound behind my back, while my tongue plays between those pert cheeks.

Actually, I'd do anything she wants: massage her feet, get her coffee, spend hours under her desk tonguing her to orgasm. I'd even sit meekly, as I am now, while she flicks through papers on her desk. "I see here that you were the editor

of your campus newspaper. Interesting. I'm curious how such a promising young man as yourself is now up for a position like this." She puts my resume down and leans across the desk, her ferocious gaze gobbling me up. Something in her brown eyes sears into me, and I think of a cat opening its jaw, teeth flashing. "It seems to me that you'd want to be the one giving orders, not taking them, and I'm not sure how you'd feel about working for me. We're a big company but I run things with an iron fist. Employees are expected to go above and beyond, and this position calls for it more than any other."

"Well, I got into some trouble in school, slacking off a bit, if you must know," I say, my heart pounding. "I was spending so much time running the newspaper that I let my studies get away from me. But I've changed my ways and am now ready to take on real, adult responsibilities." I don't tell her that my male professors had failed to inspire the kind of diligence, not to mention lust, that she already had in me. There was no way I'd let someone like Ms. Davis down. "I'd be fully committed to making your day run smoothly." I don't add that I'd be fully committed to making her nights hum steadily along as well. I'm trying to quell my aching cock in my lap as I listen to her go through the duties that would be expected of me. It's much more than filing and answering phones. I'd be entrusted with an enormous amount of responsibility, would have to do errands for her at off hours, make phone calls, book trips, attend meetings, and make crucial decisions in her absence.

As she wraps up, I picture her sitting at her desk, while I stand behind her, massaging those majestic shoulders, helping to take away some of her cares. I tune back in to hear her saying, "I'll need some references from your old bosses, and I will confirm with you next week, but as long as you can prove yourself useful around here, you've got the job." She stands up and brusquely dismisses me, and I'm partly grateful because my arousal is too great to ignore. I'm tempted to use the bathroom in the building to jerk off, but I leave, walking by all those seemingly perfect girls. I feel their glares on my back as I wait for the elevator, then go to a nearby bookstore and relieve myself there, all the while thinking about being caught jerking off under my desk by Ms. Davis. I'm grateful that even though my grades weren't top notch, my senior advisor and journalism professor, who'd overseen the campus paper, had adored me.

When I get the congratulatory call from Ms. Davis a few days later, I'm ecstatic. "I'll see you first thing tomorrow, thank you so much, I truly appreciate this opportunity—"

She cuts me off. “Enough with the gushing, Brick. Just show up tomorrow and be ready to work.” I do my best to get to sleep early, knowing I’ll have to take the bus in for a few more weeks until I can find a nearby place of my own. I awake with the sun, my cock hard, fresh from a dream in which Ms. Davis takes her hair out of her bun and then lashes it across my face, then tickles my cock with her long tresses before instructing me on how to wash, condition and style it. I know none of the things I’m fantasizing about are in my job description, but there’s something about this powerful woman that makes me feel like she might want to take things even further.

I arrive and do my best to put on a completely professional appearance. I’m thrown right into the thick of things from the first moment. Ms. Davis (whose first name is Vanessa, but I’m never to call her that) barely has time to introduce me to anyone, and I get lots of pitying looks from my new coworkers. “Hang in there,” is their common refrain, and I surmise that my predecessor had only lasted a short while. Hints of her demise are everywhere, but I’m too frantic answering Ms. Davis’s incessantly ringing phone, organizing the incoming mail, and trying to remember where things go and who’s who that I don’t have time to ponder the desk’s previous occupant too much.

Finally, a day of sweating and nerves and nonstop running around (I ate a roast beef sandwich someone thrust on my desk at one point in about three bites) comes to an end. I’m afraid I’ll get fired already for some imagined misdeed, but the office quiets and everyone else goes home, so I eventually do too. I’m hoping for a special message from Ms. Davis, but she seems intent on whatever she’s doing in her office and I don’t want to interrupt her. The rest of my first week follows pretty much the same routine, except that on Friday, just after six, I’m called into Ms. Davis’s office. She summons me over the intercom, with the utmost formality, even though she could pretty much just yell from her office. I rise, and walk slowly into her office, not wanting to let go of what promises to be a fabulous job.

“Sit down,” she says, her voice severe. She looks me over, surveying every inch of my body until I want to shrink into the floor. Does she know about the lusty thoughts I’ve harbored? “I wanted to congratulate you on a successful first week. I know I threw a lot at you, and you handled it like a pro.” My breath whooshes out of me with her praise. I’m not getting fired. Then her long nails tap sharply on her desk. “However, there are some additional duties of the job that I’m not quite sure you’re capable of, so I called you in here to test them.

These are duties of a more...*personal* nature,” Ms. Davis says, her eyes drilling into me. I’m hard, and I wonder if she can tell. “Do you think you can handle these extracurricular tasks? Not every *man* is *up* for the job,” she says, emphasizing my gender in a way that makes me squirm.

“Yes, Ms. Davis. I’m still available to you anytime you need me. For anything,” I finish, hoping I don’t sound too impertinent. But apparently I don’t, because then things take a turn for the surreal—and utterly arousing.

It’s like she can see inside me with those penetrating gazes, because my new boss says, “Give me your tie, Matthew. I need it.” This is the first time she’s called me that, and I hope it means a shift in our relationship. Her voice is almost robotic, so stiff and formal, yet all the more seductive because of it. Part of me wants to be special to her, her boy toy, her trusted right-hand man, even her plaything, but an even greater part of me wants to be a speck of dust, replaceable, inconsequential, someone for her to truly use, abuse, and discard. I detect glimmers that I am the former, but keep doubting them and assuming I’m the latter, and the mental seesaw has me permanently hard, wanting to please her and anger her all at once. When I don’t move fast enough, she gets up, stands before me, towering over me really, and tugs on the tie, enough for it to choke me for a brief, beautiful moment. Then she turns, grabs a pair of scissors from her desk, and brusquely cuts it off me. “‘For anything.’ Those were your words, so I hope you’ll remember them,” she spits at me as she removes the tie from my neck. For some reason I still feel tight there, almost choked, yet I’m perfectly free.

Ms. Davis is still standing over me, perusing me, as if deciding whether to kick me out or continue her delicious torment. She drills that gaze into me for a moment, then moves to her office door, shuts it, and locks it. She returns, then runs the dull edge of the scissors against my neck, making me flinch. “You’re pathetic, you know that?” she says. “Well, I guess you do,” she murmurs almost to herself when my dick pops right up at her comment. She raises one leg enough to show me a glimpse of her pale thigh, then gently trails the sharp heel of her shoe along my cock. Not enough to hurt, barely enough to make contact, but more than enough to let me know that she’s the boss of me in every way that counts.

“On the floor,” she says, pointing, as if there’s no need for using any extra words with an underling like me. I do her bidding, settling on the gray carpet.

I'm lying faceup, practically inhaling tufts of carpet, dressed in a stiff, white shirt and perfect black pants, shoes shiny, while her dark green alligator heel holds me down in the middle of my chest. She's simply resting her foot there at the moment, not pressing hard, but my heart is pounding as if she were bearing all her weight on me. I can just about see up her skirt if I move my head to the side, but when I make an attempt, she's having none of that. She has taken my mutilated tie and is swinging it in the air like a victory lasso.

"You've been waiting for this since that first day, haven't you? I don't need to be a genius to see what it's doing to you," she says, referring to the monster erection I'm sporting. Her foot moves down, slowly but menacingly, to my cock, then she runs the edge of her shoe along my dick. I wonder if she'll kick me there, or on my balls; if she'll stand on top of me with all her weight; if she'll take off her shoe and shove her stocking-covered smelly toes into my mouth. She does none of these things, though I'd have acquiesced to any.

"Take it out," she says, kicking the air near my zipper, depriving me of that most desired contact. Still, the chance to show her what I'm packing, to maybe make her day with my dick is too precious to waste any more time. Under her watch, I reach over the shoe she's placed back on my chest and unzip my pants, fumbling to unearth my hardness. Then I lie back while my hard-on rises straight up into the air. As turned on as I am by being almost naked beside her, I can't help but want her to touch it.

"Very good. Now, we're going to go over some rules of the office to make sure you've been paying attention. Good help is hard to find and I'd rather have a virile man like you than one of those pesky, peroxide blondes who keep applying. And if you tell anyone I said that, I'll make sure you're sorry," she says.

I swallow hard, worried now only about coming spontaneously. "Now, what's the password to my computer?" As she fires off this question, Ms. Davis removes her sleek black jacket. I can see her breasts through her blouse; she hasn't worn a bra today, but you'd only know that without the jacket.

"Bitchgoddess-oh-seven," I immediately reply.

"How do I like my coffee?"

These questions are easy, but the look on her face tells me my job depends on getting them right. "Black."

“What kind of thread count sheets must you request when I’m traveling for work?”

“Six hundred.” My voice is getting more and more wobbly as she gets more and more naked. It’s like I’m on a game show, and each question I get right grants me another body part unveiled. Soon her breasts are only separated from me by the air, and the sight of her pert, pink nipples is enough to make me ache.

“How often do I need you to water my plants?” Hmm...this is a trick question, because she told me to water them a minimum of twice a day, but preferably three. Two, or three? Will I look like I’m showing off if I say three? The last two days I’ve been so busy I’ve only done it twice, so I go with that.

“Wrong answer,” she says, a cruel grin lighting up her face. “But you know what happens to boys who can’t obey their bosses? They learn new ways to please them,” she says. She steps over me so I can see her pussy. It’s bare and pink and wet. I’ve only been with two other girls, and neither of them shaved, and both wanted to fuck with the lights out. Ms. Davis seems to want to view every inch of my aroused, terror-stricken body. Only the terror is quickly giving way to pleasure when I realize she is about to shut me up in the hottest way possible.

“Now, Matthew. This is really the only skill you need at this job. The girl who was here before you could barely find her own clit, let alone mine. She didn’t know how to eat pussy, or to make my ass happy. She didn’t know much of anything, but she did let me spank her sweet bottom, so I let her stay for a while. Before her was a football player type who got a bit too aggressive, thinking that we’d take turns being in charge. I want you to remember that I’m always in charge of you. I don’t just need a secretary, I need a servant. A willing, devoted servant. You seem to fit the bill, but I want you to prove it,” she continues, her voice commanding but not, surprisingly, cruel. Beneath her brusque words, I sense a tenderness, a capacity for giving that can only be revealed through this form of speaking. Not that I’m complaining; the way she’s talking is only making me more aroused.

She surveys me one more time, and I must meet her approval because she gives me that same wicked, wonderful smile, then hikes up her skirt and lowers herself down so I’m enveloped by her pussy. It happens as if in slow motion, and soon we are no longer just secretary and boss, but owned and owner, man and mistress, servant and master. I relish not only the taste of her cunt as it meets my

tongue, but also that she sees me as someone capable of absorbing her power and using my submission to strengthen her. Even though I'm young and perhaps idealistic, I know that she cannot seize power, cannot truly attain the levels of greatness she's capable of, in and out of the office, without an underling to support her. That is my job, and now, with my tongue, I do my best to excel at it. She makes it easy by pretty much shoving her sex into my mouth, by maneuvering all around, by using my face as her own personal Slip 'n Slide.

I moan against her cunt, feeling the vibrations reverberate from my lips to hers and back. I know I could get fired—hell, she could get fired—for doing this on company property, but I also have a feeling that anyone who tries to fire Ms. Davis would soon find himself in a similar position. Anyone would melt in front of her, and as she overtakes my mouth, I do feel as if I'm melting, into the ground, and into her. She's melting too, softening bit by bit as her grip on my ears loosens and her moans get softer. Instead of yelling directions, she's moaning, not words, just sounds. Ms. Davis is turning into Vanessa, turning from corporate to climactic, and all because of me!

I try to memorize the taste and feel of her pussy lips, so different from the tentative lapping I've done before. With her positive feedback spurring me on, I chance raising my hands and sliding them around her legs so I can play with those lips, stroke that clit. She lets me play with her, so that I'm feeling the wondrous sensual softness inside her. I was right—she does have a gentler side, and I'm touching it right now. Her face looks almost relaxed, younger, yet just as beautiful as before. She still controls me, which she proves by suddenly pressing my head to the floor with her palm and grinding away again. "Suck it!" she says, and I suck her clit, suck her lips, suck everything I can, wishing I had two or even three mouths to suck other parts of her as well.

Finally, after what feels like an hour but I later learn has only been fifteen minutes, she comes, her orgasm a rumbling, powerful wave crashing against my mouth, her body bouncing against me as she crests. She rises and looks remarkably composed for someone who's just had her pussy licked so intensely. I feel like we've just had sex on a fast-moving vehicle, or a comet. My heart is pounding and I'm glad I'm lying down. I'm so dizzy with desire for her, I almost ignore my cock. This craving, this need, goes deeper than my dick. But Ms. Davis hasn't forgotten it. She smiles down at me, then goes to her desk and returns with a small bottle. I don't know what's in it until she opens it and starts pouring the clear liquid directly onto my cock. It's cool and slippery and I moan.

“Jerk yourself off. Give me a show. But don’t come on my carpet,” Ms. Davis instructs me. “Use this,” she says, handing me a bunch of tissues.

I’d have thought it would be hard to masturbate in front of anyone else, let alone the woman of my dreams, who also happens to be my new boss, but it turns out to be surprisingly easy. I look up at her as she sits at her desk as if overseeing me. I don’t worry about whether the style I use is what she wants, knowing she’ll correct me if I’m doing anything wrong. Instead I just focus on the extreme pleasure of being watched by her. In practically no time, I’m scrambling for the tissues as my orgasm bursts into them. She nods approvingly, though I’m suddenly shy. We’ve shared something so intimate, yet there is still a great distance between us. I remind myself we are not lovers, or even friends, but rather, still secretary and boss. For a moment, I’m wistful, and wish our positions were different so I could get even closer to her.

She walks over as I’m zipping my fly. “Very good, Matthew. I had a feeling about you when I saw you in the waiting room. Now, I have an early brunch tomorrow, but I’m going to need your assistance in the late afternoon. I have some...home office affairs to take care of. Filing, typing, foot massage, that type of thing. I’ll expect you there at four.” She doesn’t ask if I’m free; she knows I’m the very opposite of free. I’m hers, pure and simple; even if she were to fire me, I’d do that kind of work for “free.”

“Oh, and dress casual. Very casual, as in, no underwear. You won’t be needing it.” She dismisses me with another nod and I go to the bathroom to reluctantly wash my face of her juices before walking back to my desk to shut off my computer and grab my coat. As I sign out, the security guard peers at me closely, as if he can see, or smell, or simply sense, who I am now. A secretary, but also a slave. A bottom through and through. A devotee. I give him a big, dazzling smile. I don’t really care what anyone else calls me, as long as Ms. Davis calls me hers. And while I know that the formal holiday of Secretary’s Day (now renamed Administrative Professionals Day) takes place in April, I’m going to celebrate mine as of now, in June, because really, how lucky can a guy get? I’ve got a paying job and a boss who knows exactly how to whip me into shape, one who keeps me almost permanently hard, *and* wants me to “work” weekends. My Wall Street friends can eat their hearts out. I’ll be too busy eating Ms. Davis to notice.

WEDDING NIGHT

Dominic Santi

I was so screwed. The last thing I remembered was my best man challenging me to match him, shot for shot, in a drinking contest featuring the rotgut gin we'd drunk back in college. He'd brought a special bottle, just for the occasion, and quickly poured shots all around for my groomsmen and me.

I'd already had more than my share of champagne. Valerie was giving me "the look." So I drained my glass and, grinning like a fool, dutifully set it on the tablecloth next to my half-eaten dinner. Valerie nodded, that tight-lipped "You damn well better leave that glass alone!" expression on her face.

Damn, she was gorgeous. Her light brown hair was done up in a beautiful braid. Her long satin dress was cut low enough to really show off her boobs. I knew if I slipped my hands inside, her warm, heavy breasts would completely fill them. Her long, stiff nipples would poke out into my palms. Man, I loved sucking Valerie's boobs. I couldn't wait to get up to the honeymoon suite and peel her out of that fucking dress!

Al grabbed another glass and poured me a second shot. When Valerie turned away, I quickly tossed it back. I figured what the hell—with Valerie's dress tempting me like that, I needed some serious fortitude. Besides, it was my wedding, too. I had the right to drink a few toasts with my friends!

The liquor had loosened my inhibitions just enough for my crazy-assed rationale to make sense. Al and I snuck back into the coat check, where he poured us another round of gin—then another. We drank to the wedding. We drank to my wife. We drank to her glorious tits and then I drank to her glorious pussy—which Al didn't get to drink to, since he was never going to see it. By

then, we were drinking straight from the bottle. I vaguely remembered Al shushing me—saying I shouldn't be so loud about how Valerie had totally shaved her pussy in honor of our wedding.

I woke up facedown on the bathroom floor of the honeymoon suite. My stomach was still woozy, my head was killing me, and my teeth felt like they were wearing old gym socks. Wherever I'd been sick, and my clothes and stomach told me I had been—many times—thank God it hadn't been here. When I finally dragged myself to my feet, I found a bottle of water and a pack of hotel aspirin on the back of the toilet. I was pretty sure Valerie hadn't been the one to leave it there. Hell, she'd have left arsenic! She and I had discussed my tendency to get shit-faced drunk at parties before. I washed the aspirin down with the entire bottle of water. Then I took a shower and tiptoed into the bedroom.

I couldn't tell how late—or early—it was. The blackout curtains were drawn, but there was a painful line of daylight visible at the very bottom. Valerie was sleeping in the center of the bed. She was wearing her sheer, white silk “trousseau” peignoir. The comforter had fallen down to her waist, revealing the shadows of her large, dark nipples. One long, sleek leg, encased in a lace-topped white stocking, peeked out from the covers. Her hair was down, the thick dark curls spilling onto the sea of pillows surrounding her.

On the other side of the room, the couch was neatly made up. The sheet and blanket were turned down, exposing a single pillow at one end. My watch and wallet were on the end table beside the couch. So were a hand towel and the complimentary bottle of hand lotion from the bathroom. I sighed and climbed naked under the covers. I was so fucking screwed! And my pillow felt so good.

I woke to sunlight streaming in the window. I groaned and threw my arm over my eyes. My head throbbed and my stomach lurched. I caught myself just as I was going to yell to close the fucking curtains. Shit. Valerie would have shot me dead on the spot for being that rude, whereas how bad her reaction to last night was going to be was still to be determined.

She was out on the veranda, talking to someone. As my eyesight cleared, I realized she was outside in her wedding peignoir! The low, appreciative voice on the other side of the patio railing was definitely male. Valerie asked him a question. He hesitated just a moment, then answered with an enthusiastic

“Sure!” Valerie opened the gate. He stepped through and laid a long pole against the patio wall.

Valerie stepped into the doorway and for a moment she just stood there, the outline of her naked breasts and hips totally visible through the sheer silk nightie. Even though I was still half drunk, my cock made a valiant effort to stand up. The man stepped close to her. When her hand reached out to cup his crotch, I could see he was having no problems in the woody department. With a loud, “Oh, wow!” he lowered his head and sucked her breast, right through the sheer white fabric.

“Hey!”

The word came out as a groan. So much for what Valerie called my “macho posturing.” My head fell back on the pillow, the impact making me almost see stars. When my eyes cleared, the look Valerie was giving me had me sweating all on its own.

“My pussy wants a wedding night,” she purred. “And as you can see, my idiot groom is passed out.”

My eyes were narrowed to slits against the light, but I doubt the guy noticed. He barely spared me a glance. Holding his hands an inch from her body, he reverently traced the outline of her curves.

“Every bride should have her pussy licked on her wedding night.” His voice cracked on “night.” He stopped and swallowed hard. “You are so beautiful, ma’am.” He leaned forward and kissed her awkwardly. “I’ve never licked a pussy. Well, except in my dreams.” He was blushing, but he tenderly lifted his hands to her hair. “I’ve watched a lot of movies, though, so I think I’ll get it right. I replay the pussy-eating parts over and over.”

Shit. I knew he had to be eighteen to get hired for his job, but the scraggly state of his thin almost-beard told me he wasn’t much older than that. That asshole was a fast learner, though. He gently licked the side of her neck.

“Will you tell me what you want once I start, you know, tonguing you, ma’am? I’ve heard it’s different for each woman. Kind of like how each pool has its own chemistry, depending on the light and the number of people who use it and all.” His voice cracked again, but he kept right on moving his tongue. “I want to do you right, ma’am—especially with it being your wedding night and all.”

The pool boy! My wife was seducing the fucking pool boy on our first day as a married couple! And she was doing it right in front of me! I leaned slowly onto my elbow, trying to keep the room from spinning.

“Actually, it’s the day *after* my wedding, dear. My husband slept through our wedding night.”

The acid in Valerie’s voice had me once more lowering myself to the couch. I was pissed at the sight of that asshole nuzzling her, but I was sobering up enough to realize what I’d really done the night before. I’d done shots until I passed out at my own wedding reception. Fuck, I could only hope I hadn’t gotten sick until after Al had carried me from the hall! And even after I’d gotten to the honeymoon suite, which I sure as hell hadn’t done under my own power, I’d spent the night on the bathroom floor. No champagne in the heart-shaped bathtub. No taking Valerie’s stockings down with my teeth. No eating her freshly shaved pussy until she screamed. I sure as hell had been in no condition for traditional “consummate the wedding” sex. Valerie had every right to be pissed. I was honestly wondering if I’d done irreparable damage to my marriage with my idiocy.

“That’s so wrong, ma’am,” Pool Boy said fervently. His hand cupped her breast as he kissed his way farther down. “You deserve better than that.”

“I’m sure you’ll give it to me,” Valerie said sweetly. Her eyes met mine just long enough for me to be very certain that if I said one more word now, my next ones would be to a lawyer, on the losing end of a divorce settlement.

“I sure will, ma’am!” Pool Boy’s face was fading in the gauze of her nightgown as he slowly knelt in front of her. He parted the front of her robe with his hands. That’s when I realized she didn’t have her honeymoon nightgown on underneath. She was wearing just the sheer white robe—and her white garter belt and thigh-high white silk stockings. His “Mmmmm!” as he nuzzled her stomach had me seeing red again. When I tried to lift my head, though, my eyes almost watered with the pain. I took a deep breath and resigned myself to watching from the isolation of my place on the couch.

With one more hard look, Valerie turned away from me, and rested her hands lightly on his head.

“Your mouth is very soft and you have very nice hands, dear.” She laughed softly as he nuzzled his face against her belly. “As I told you, we can’t have

actual sex. That does have to be part of consummating my marriage. I assume my husband will sober up enough to do his duty later.” Her voice left no doubt I’d still be making that legal appointment if I couldn’t. “But in the meanwhile, I’d like you to lick my pussy until I come so hard I scream. In return, I’ll give you a blow job that will make you see stars.”

“Wow, ma’am! That would be so cool!” The little asshole sounded like he was about to cream in his jeans. His head moved lower. “Your skin’s so soft. Oh, WOW!”

Valerie had moved one leg to the side, shifting her weight as she pulled his head closer to her.

“I can smell you, ma’am. Your pussy’s awesome!” He lifted one hand. “May I touch you—please?”

“With your tongue,” she said firmly. The conviction in her voice stopped his hand in midair. “While I will permit you to touch me all over with your fingers later, this first time you will touch only my clit, and you will do it solely with your tongue.”

“Yes, ma’am!” His voice came out in a little gurgle. Then he stuck his tongue out far enough to catch flies and leaned forward. His “MMMMM!” blended with Valerie’s as he buried his face between her legs.

“Fuck.” If either of them heard my quiet expletive, they gave no sign of it. Pool Boy’s face was buried in Valerie’s crotch, his head moving side to side and up and down, each moan making Valerie smile as he placed his hands on her hips and pulled her close. She threw her head back, closing her eyes. Even from this distance, I could see her nipples were so hard they were poking out into the robe.

“Your tongue is delightful.” Her voice showed her pleasure as she rocked back on her heels, opening herself further to him. “You may use your fingertips to part my pussy lips further. I would like you to lick directly on my clit. YES!” She gasped and arched forward. “Just there! Long slow licks. Oh, yes!”

She shuddered so hard, I was afraid she’d lose her balance. But Pool Jerk had her balanced so well, she didn’t fall. She tightened her grip on his hair.

“Now flick your tongue over the stiff part. Yes. A little higher ...higher... YES! Now a bit to the left. OOH!” She bucked forward. “Yes! Oh, yes! Right

there! Don't stop!"

She jerked again, wailing as Pool Boy braced her with his arms. Her pleas turned into cries of ecstasy that told me he was staying on target with the tenacity of a heat-seeking missile. Valerie was going to come any moment, and she was going to come hard.

Her first orgasm as my wife, and she was getting it from another man. I was pissed and ashamed and too sorry for words—and as the smell of her pussy filled the room, I was so horny, I could hardly stand it. I slid my hand down to my crotch. My vision was clearing, and I was finally sobering up enough to get hard. My blushing bride was about to come in front of me—because the fucking pool boy was eating her pussy into fits. I didn't know whether to laugh or cry, so I stroked my shaft instead.

Valerie squealed, her shoulders rocking as she clutched that asshole pool boy's head to her crotch. He groaned and slurped, his face bobbing against her as she shuddered and moaned. When she finally pushed his head away, her face was flushed and her nipples were taut. She was so gorgeous, my cock was leaking into my hand.

And her eyes were open again. With her gaze locked on mine, she tenderly patted Pool Boy's head. "That was lovely, dear. Now carry me to the bed, so you can give me another orgasm before I take your delectable young cock into my mouth."

Carry her. I'd been too drunk to carry her over the threshold last night. I mouthed the words *I'm sorry*, but I couldn't tell if she'd seen. She had her arms around that asshole's shoulder and he was already lifting her legs over his other arm.

"I'd be honored, ma'am." The muscles in his arms rippled as he carried her effortlessly. He laid her gently in the middle of the bed, with her head and shoulders on the huge pile of pillows. Valerie smiled and pulled her legs up. The snow white tops of her stockings framed the creamy smooth skin of her freshly shaved and well-licked labia, the perfect pink inside her glorious slit, and the tiny dusky pucker in back.

Fuck, my first sight of her totally shaved pussy was with another man's tongue zeroing in on it! Pool Boy lay between her legs, still wearing his jeans and T-shirt, his trainers still on his feet. His hands were flat on her thighs, spreading her

wide as he once more lowered his head to her slit. I was at just the right angle to see every long, slow swipe of his tongue as he laved her ultrasensitive, freshly shaved pussy lips, every closed-lipped pucker as he sucked her clit—every deep, wiggling thrust as he speared his tongue into her cunt hole. It wasn't long before Valerie was wailing again, her hips bucking up as he once more licked an earsplitting orgasm from her pussy.

I squeezed my cock to keep from coming. Pool Boy's hips thrust against the covers, and the smell of semen filled the room. Shit—the little asshole had shot his load into his jeans! Valerie was going to be so fucking disappointed—for the second time.

As he stammered out his red-faced apologies, Valerie stroked his hair and told him not to worry. She said he was a delightful lover and she was flattered beyond words that he'd been so aroused by eating her pussy. Then she dropped the bombshell.

“My husband and I will be here on our honeymoon through next weekend. If you come back every morning at this same time, I'll let you tongue my pussy in the sixty-nine position while I give you your blow job. After that, if my husband has decided to embrace sobriety, you can show him how to prepare my pussy for his cock.” Her voice got flat. “Or he can stay on the couch and I'll file for an annulment.”

The look in Valerie's eyes told me I had about two seconds flat to make up my mind. I nodded my agreement as Pool Boy enthusiastically gave his consent. Then I closed my eyes and pretended to be asleep while she saw him to the door. My partying days were over, I knew that for a fact.

Valerie closed the door and locked it. Then she walked to the couch, threw off my covers, and straddled me. My head was still killing me and I knew I'd be nauseous every time I looked at a gin label for the rest of my life. But as her warm, wet, well-licked pussy slid down over my throbbing cock, I knew I was the luckiest sonofabitch on the face of this earth. I slid my hands under the sheer silk of her nightie, cupped her breasts, and proceeded to show her just how grateful I was.

FLASH

Alison Tyler

What will you do for me?

Anything you want.

Anything?

Yes, Ma'am. Anything.

Kinde and I met in an Internet chatroom. I impressed her with my ability to type a good line. To role-play. To build a fantasy that twenty-three other anonymous partners could partake of. Still, even though I managed to intrigue her, the online world is something of an enigma to me. On the Internet, I play a woman. In real life, I am all man. Kinde claims that she plays herself online. I am interested to see if this is the case. When we meet face-to-face, I will know for sure.

In the online room, she was a Dominant with a capital *D*. She held court effortlessly, and the players around her scurried to obey. I did, as well. I'm not proud. Cyberspace is the one place where I can truly be myself. Where I can put down the need to constantly be the one in charge, the one who tells *other* people what to do. I don't know why I need this—I really don't. But I do. Need this, I mean. I *do* need to bend down, to *kneel* down, to get as low down as I possibly can.

Kinde seemed to understand.

To my delight, I was able to capture her interest with my witty remarks, and ultimately she invited me to join her in a private room. Nervously, I agreed. I find blending easy in a chatroom; one-on-one is a different story.

Alone, we continued our fantasy play.

What will you do for me? she typed.

Anything, I told her.

Easy to say, she replied.

Truly, Ma'am, I assured her. *I'll do anything*.

She had a camera. She tied me up and took pictures, spread my legs and observed my cunt under a magnifying glass. I liked the concept, found that I enjoyed being exposed and having to describe the way my pussy grew wetter with every single shot. The experience was completely safe for me since, after all, the whole of it was a farce.

We both took turns climaxing (I'm getting pretty good at typing one-handed, I must say), and then we chatted a bit, in that postcoital way people do. If we could have, I believe that we would have smoked a virtual cigarette together, passing the butt back and forth through the screen. Still I was surprised to learn that she lived in L.A., too, more surprised when she asked me to meet her.

In real life.

To see, she said, *if the connection is real*.

Real. I read the word on-screen. But nothing in cyberspace is real, is it? That's why I was always so easily able to spill out my fantasies. Because I could click off the computer with a single switch if the situation got too hot for me. If I felt I might get burned.

Suddenly, the fun and games part of the online world felt too heavy. In a flash, the experience had transformed from casual flirtatious banter between a Dom woman and a girl sub to a silence that seemed somehow to scream.

Kinde must have been surprised. Up until now, I had responded to her every request with lightning speed. But that's when she was Mistress Kinde, and I was a fawning little sub. Now, she'd changed the game, changed the rules. Now, I was pacing around my office like a caged beast. Walking up to the computer, then backing away slowly, as if she could actually see me. I felt myself stammering with the urge to come clean, but my fingers would not work on the keyboard.

R U there? she typed after nearly a minute had passed—an eternity of silence.

I stared at the blinking cursor. Then, finally: *I have a confession*. I said the words aloud as I typed them, wondering how they would play on her end.

You have a confession—what?

I'd forgotten the rules. *I have a confession, Ma'am*, I typed.

Yes? The word came back instantly. I could practically hear the chill in her tone. Arctic ice that would never melt.

I'm not actually a woman. And then, because I'd forgotten again. *Ma'am. I'm not a woman, Ma'am*.

There was a whole lot more silence after that, always interesting in an online conversation. Dead air when neither player types. Had she decided to cancel the invitation? I wouldn't have blamed her for a moment if she did. But to my relief, she wrote, *Naughty boy*, and I felt my cock stiffen once more.

Sorry, I typed. *Ma'am*.

I still want to meet you, she wrote back. *I pride myself on being able to read people. I'm curious how you were able to fool me*.

In our online scenario, she had on black vinyl slacks and a red vinyl lace-up vest. She described herself as a brunette with pale skin and dark eyes. But online, *I had a pussy*, so we all know where that will get you.

Now, I found myself nervous for so many reasons. What if she didn't look like she'd said? She knew *I didn't*. There was no reason for her to have been honest with me. But what if I didn't like her? What if we didn't connect? For the first time in my life, I realized I might actually get what I wanted. And the thought of it terrified me.

Come on, I urged. *Send me a picture*.

You'll know me when you see me, she assured me.

One photo, I begged. But nothing. Served me right for lying in the first place, didn't it?

We chose to meet at a local coffee shop, a neutral location, and she was right. I knew her in an instant, the first person I'd ever heard of who didn't lie online. She was gorgeous, and I felt my heart beat nervously as I walked toward her.

I create different personas when I go online, but in the real world I am a tall,

powerfully built male, with black hair and blue eyes. I know that women find me attractive. I'm not saying that to be bold or pompous. I'm saying that because it's the truth. But I didn't care what other women have thought in the past—I wanted *her* to like me.

When she turned to meet my gaze, she smiled, and I felt myself start to relax. Coffee would be good. We'd get to know each other. We'd bond. But then she stood and took my hand, leading me from the place. She was in charge in real life now, as she had been online.

We went back to her studio in Santa Monica, a sleek condo near the beach. Inside, there was little furniture and lots of pictures, artsy black-and-white shots covering almost every bit of wall space. She didn't speak as she watched me look at the photos, but she grinned as I moved closer, checking out the expressions on the models' faces.

Fear on some.

Pure ecstasy on others.

She hadn't lied about anything yet, as far as I could tell. She actually *was* a photographer. But would she be able to overpower me in real life the way she had been able to online? I'd never done anything like this for real. I'd never let anyone see me. The real me. The one that hides not only under the suits I wear for work, but under my very skin. I wasn't a fake name in a chatroom right now. I was just Chas. Chas Miller, who has fantasized forever about serving a Dominant Woman, who can only come when thinking about being a sub. That's who I was. And she saw me.

After allowing me the time to observe her work, she told me to follow her into the second room. There was nothing in this room but a camera.

"Strip," she said, that smile still on her face but a different look altogether in her eyes. I hesitated for a moment. My on-screen persona would have taken off her saucy little knickers in a second. But my onscreen persona was a twenty-two-year-old starlet with curly blonde hair and a chipped front tooth. She didn't look like me on the outside, and she wasn't anything like me on the inside.

"Strip," Kinde said again, and I heard the chill in her tone that I'd only imagined before.

Slowly, I took off my clothes—boots, black jeans, black T-shirt, boxers. And

then I stood, self-consciously, in the center of the room, staring back at her. I didn't know what to do with my hands. Didn't know what to do with my eyes. Was I meant to stare at the floor? What would a real sub do?

While I watched, my lady kicked off her shoes and took off her nylons. She'd been wearing thigh-highs, and with the first, she bound my wrists behind my back. With the second, she blindfolded me, wrapping the stocking around my closed eyelids and tying a knot at the back of my head.

"Now what am I going to do?" she asked.

I stammered, unsure.

"You create exquisite scenarios online," she said, clearly mocking me. "You describe the colors of your cunt, the gradations from a light pink for your pussy lips to a dark rose inside. You tell me about how your hungry little clit pokes forward, demanding attention, how you imagine someday having it pierced. You describe the way your eye color changes in candlelight, the way your full lips part to suckle from my breasts. And now you can't say a fucking word?"

My cock was hard, straining toward her. My nipples were erect. My eyes, beneath the nylon makeshift blindfold, were squeezed shut. I took a deep breath and thought I could smell the fragrance of her pussy from where I stood.

"You're going to take my picture, Ma'am," I said in a soft voice. Not a woman's voice. But close, somehow. Close.

"And that's going to make you come," she told me.

I could feel her next to me. Could feel the third eye of the camera focused on me. When she bent to inspect my body, her long hair tickled the head of my shaft. Her breath made me shiver, the heat of it and the fact that her mouth was so damn close to my cock. The flash of the camera sent a shudder I could feel in the base of my spine.

Each time she took a picture, she rewarded me with a different sensation. FLASH: her mouth on my balls, cupping them both. FLASH: her tongue tracing the crack of my ass. FLASH: her insistent fingers probing me.

We went through a whole roll of film this way. With me turning, unable to touch her. Bound and blindfolded. Each time the flash of the camera broke through my darkness, I grew closer to orgasm. Each time she took a step away from me, I felt myself wanting to reach for her, to grab her.

To fuck her.

Being bound, being forced to submit to her will, wasn't what I'd expected. It was better. For the first time, I started to really understand why I have spent my life fantasizing about scenes like this. Giving up the power to someone else was enlightening. Trapped in the dark, I could honestly see the light.

"Last shot," she said, her lips against my ear. "Last shot."

She bent on the floor to take the picture. She slid between my legs and shot upward. My balls constricted. Her fingertips grazed them. I came as the camera clicked, and I finally understood, in a...

FLASH.

IT'S COLD OUTSIDE

Stephen Elliott

I was on tour with a collective made up of current and former sex workers. There were twelve of us and we were crossing the country in two vans. We started in Washington, where the winter was mild, and slid down the coast of California and then into the brown scrub of Arizona and New Mexico, where the sky was big and blue and stretched over the mountains like a tarp.

Our shows were always packed. One of the women lipsynced “Breaking the Law” with her vagina and another, a burlesque dancer and one of the kindest people I’d ever met, did a number to Dolly Parton’s “Proud to Be an American” where she pulled a roll of fake dollar bills out of her ass. Byron was with me. He’s a prostitute and he lives not far from where I live in San Diego, away from the old city where the bay wraps around the water like a croissant, and he would paint his face and tell stories about turning tricks in various hotels and how he felt like a healer. I kept getting sick and Byron had all these vitamins and herbal potions he would give me and usually I would get better. Other times he gave me pills from a baggy filled with pharmaceuticals. He convinced me that the most important part of healing was faith. In Oklahoma, we took mushrooms soaked in chocolate and sat in a field for six hours, surrounded by razor grass six feet high, feeling like air rushing across a stream.

At one of the college panels in Kansas, Byron told the students he didn’t use condoms when he was giving blow jobs and he enjoyed swallowing his customers’ come.

In Colonial Williamsburg, they brought a tub of water into the student center and a preacher baptized students waiting in line for the show, pushing their heads under the water, shaking a bible at the fluorescent lighting.

During the performances, I read a story about my year as a stripper in Chicago. I was so inexperienced compared to everyone else; I felt like a loser. There were twelve of us and we shared three hotel rooms. One of the women, a former prostitute who had formed an organization to legalize sex work in Brazil, made a point of telling everyone that she wouldn't share a bed with me under any circumstances. She said it when I wasn't around but one of the dancers told me about it. She said I made her uncomfortable.

There was a blizzard in Philadelphia and I walked around the Liberty Bell while snow fell in sheets across the former capital. The snows got heavier as we traveled north again. In Boston, five hundred people waited outside with their hands and ears freezing to see us perform in an abandoned theater at two in the morning.

By Maine, there was feet of the stuff and trees naked as phone poles. I'd lived in California too long and didn't know what to do about the weather. Also, when we were in Texas three weeks earlier, Byron had fallen on me and dislocated my knee doing karaoke, which sounds dumb but it's true. I went to a sports doctor near the Texas capitol, which is made from local red granite and filled with statues celebrating the Civil War and is the only state house larger than the national Capitol. The doctor told me I would never heal but eventually my knee would stop hurting and I would run and jump exactly the same as I had before.

The weather was pounding, like clouds throwing snowballs. Andre lived half an hour away from the college in a small town and he came to see the show with his girlfriend, Serena. Andre left the West Coast two years ago. We used to play poker together and now he was living out here, in the northeast. He looked rugged and good, like a man who enjoyed chopping wood. He'd actually moved out here to be a writer, which is what I was or what I had been for a while, but I was at a point in my life where I didn't understand why anyone would want to do that. I had a much easier time understanding swallowing another man's come for a hundred dollars.

Andre had a beard and big curly hair that was all red and black. I remembered him as gray, salt and pepper, but now he was chicory. Serena had moved up from Boston where she had worked for years as a psychoanalyst. She was tall and white as milk. They had both given up on big cities.

“We like it here,” Andre assured me. He was teaching a course at the university. Serena worked in the coffee shop near their home. She didn’t want to be a psychoanalyst anymore. When I asked about her choices, Andre gave me a look.

The coffee shop where she worked was on a steep rise and the windows looked out on the tops of pine trees and oaks.

After the show, the three of us went for a drink.

“I’m glad to be away from those people,” I confessed. It wasn’t that I didn’t like the people on the tour. I did, quite a bit. But we were in vans together six hours a day and the vans were crowded.

“Don’t worry,” Andre said. “At our place you’ll have your own room.”

I hadn’t had my own room in a long time.

They had the kind of apartment you can only have in out of the way places, unless you have a lot of money. There were at least three bedrooms and hardwood floors throughout. The whole thing cost what I paid for one third of my crappy apartment back home. I wanted to stay.

They gave me a room off the kitchen with a queen-sized futon and a double radiator as well as a big stack of *New York* magazines.

“Keep the door closed,” Serena said. “Unless you want to be woken up by the cat.”

I laid out and paged through the magazines and played with myself for a little while. I thought about a black woman in Vancouver I’d been corresponding with. She said she hated it when men were into her just because she was black. I was trying to keep from her my own fetish for dark women, which made me feel vaguely racist, but I thought she must know.

I was sleeping when Serena came in.

“Shhh,” she said. “Don’t wake Andre. He’d kill you.”

I didn’t think Andre would kill me. Andre was a “feeler,” the type to get

depressed. All internal.

Serena forced a sock into my mouth anyway and circled around the back of my head with duct tape. I'm not sure why people so often assume they can do anything they want to me. In my early twenties, I lived in a large condominium in Chicago with a rich man who would lie on top and force himself inside of me. He was much bigger than me and he'd wrap his large arms around my chest. I was hairless, young and thin. It must have looked like he was riding a dolphin. He would come in about three minutes, then go back to whatever else he was doing. After a year, he started complaining that I didn't care about him. Then he kicked me out, which was the beginning of a whole string of disasters I won't go into here.

Serena tied my hands together with a long piece of clothes-line. She went around my wrists and then between my hands all the way up my forearms. Then she tied my ankles together and placed a pillow behind my calves, then ran some thin rope from my ankle ties to my wrists. My knee hurt; I could feel where it had left the socket in Austin, ligaments stretched like rubber bands, but it wasn't too bad. I supposed I'd be limping later but I was fine with that. If she hadn't filled my mouth I would have probably told her I loved her. That's how I felt. I don't think I had ever been in love before.

Serena sat on the bed with me. The radiator was blasting at seventy degrees but Serena was still wearing black leggings and a loose shirt. She pulled on a latex glove and I turned on my side and tried to wrap myself around her. She grabbed a handful of Vaseline and wiggled her hand in my ass and stuck her thumb in my asshole. It felt wonderful. She got a finger inside me, then another. I wished my legs weren't tied together. I wanted to be open for her so she could get her whole fist inside of me. I thought about Andre sleeping in the other room. I liked Andre. I doubted we would still be friends after this. Then I thought about the black woman in Vancouver. I wished Serena was black.

Eventually Serena took her hand out of me and then began to torture me. First she pulled out a bag of pins and started tracing them across my body, not so deep, but enough to draw blood. She cut long lines up and down my chest to my thighs. Then she began to pierce me, pushing several pins through my nipples, then my balls. I tried not to moan.

"If you make any noise you will be so sorry," she said. It was weird the way she said it, like she was making a joke. She didn't really mean it, we were just

playing some little game. She lit a cigarette and dotted it across my chest where she'd already cut me. I was afraid of infection. Then she brought the cigarette close to my face.

"I'd tell you to relax," she said, "but I don't really want you to." She pushed the cigarette into my face, which is why I have this little scar close to my eye.

She left me like that. I tried not to move too much because it increased my discomfort. The sun came out, the winter light slanting through the pane. I heard Andre in the kitchen just outside the door. "I'm going to get out of here," he said. "Let's not wake him up yet." That was probably my moment to scream, but I didn't. I don't know why. One part of me knew the worst was over. The other wasn't sure.

An hour later, maybe two, Serena came back into the room. I had been tied up for hours and I'd been crying, soaking the bed. She wasn't wearing leggings anymore. She just wore a little black skirt. Her legs were the kind of white that has never gotten any sun. They weren't curvy, but they were fit.

"You were so good," she told me. I wanted to smile but the sock was still in my mouth and my jaw hurt and I was dizzy with dehydration. "We're almost done, okay?"

I nodded my head.

"I'm going to take this gag off you, but I don't want you to say anything yet. Can you handle that?" I nodded again and she peeled the duct tape off and I didn't scream and then she pulled the sock out of my mouth and held my head and gave me water from a glass. It was the kind of glass that comes in sets of twelve at Target. Everything seemed so ordinary. After I drank the whole glass I started to cry again. I cried a lot and she didn't make any move to comfort me but she didn't try to get me to stop either. I thought she would gag me again or slap me but she didn't.

When I stopped crying she undid the line connecting my ankles to my wrists. She slowly pulled my legs straight and rolled me from my side onto my back. She pulled the pins out, then washed me with peroxide, water, and a sponge. She paid a lot of attention between my legs, holding the sponge against the tip of my penis, pressing on my balls.

“I’d like you to eat me out. Could you do that?” she asked.

“Yes,” I said, though I wasn’t sure she wanted a verbal answer.

“Ask me.”

“Can I eat you out, please?” I said, and she lifted her skirt and sat on my face. I was enveloped in her, her pubic hair brushing my lips, ass pressing on my cheeks. I pushed my tongue as far into her as it would go. She tasted sour and thick. I tried to do a good job because I didn’t want her to get off of me. I went down on her for a long time and she ran her nails gently across my wounds.

Later we showered together and when Andre came home I was okay, though my leg was stiff and I was walking with a limp. I had aggravated my injury.

The three of us went to dinner in the town. We ate at a local brewing company, fried chicken and amber beer. I was wearing Serena’s panties. What was that? A good-bye present? A nice touch? I felt vulnerable. I didn’t want to leave Serena and Andre and go back to those vans and another shared hotel room, the TV flickering late into the night, pills to get to sleep, pills to wake up, and more pills for the pain.

“Serena’s an artist,” Andre said. “She’s really great.”

“Yeah?” I asked, but Serena just smiled. She was humble around Andre, who has always been insecure and was maybe more so now, out in the middle of the forest, halfway through his forties. She seemed to want to make him happy. I’d never had that urge, to make someone else happy, but I was ready to change. I would have to.

“Check this out,” Andre said. “Serena did this.”

“I’m sure he’s not interested,” Serena said.

Andre handed me a business card. It had his information on one side and hers on the other. It was green and blue with something in the middle that resembled a rocket. I still had a show to do that night. The vans were arriving in front of the wide columns framing the university. Children walked past with sacks full of books. Nobody had noticed me missing yet.

AN INVITATION TO THE DANCE

Sylvane Alistair

Keith's hand trembled slightly as he pulled the folded letter out of its envelope. He unfolded the piece of paper and scanned the message written upon it.

Dear Mr. Keith Trenton,

I have received your request to be considered for submissive training. You have ingratiated yourself already by sending your query to me in handwritten form. Anyone who has researched me will know I prefer handwritten correspondence to email or even typed letters. Discipline and control are very important to me, and are required to write a respectful and thoughtful letter such as the one you sent me. Your instructions are as follows. Answer the questions below in another letter and send it to me when complete. If I feel you are worthy, I will contact you with further directions.

Sincerely,

Mistress Joanna

He read the questions and felt a moment of panic. Was it a test? Were there right and wrong answers to these questions? He wanted to serve the city's most respected mistress more than anything he'd ever wanted, he couldn't blow it now. Joanna was known to be extremely selective with the men she chose to train.

Serving a powerful woman was Keith's fondest dream, but he'd never found one who lived up to his expectations. As a successful and wealthy man, he had

no shortage of women interested in him, but he didn't want a wife, or even a girlfriend. He was a larger-than-life person and needed a larger-than-life partner. Regular sex was ordinary and mundane to Keith; he wanted higher highs than the missionary position could ever give him.

He wanted a *Mistress*, a goddess at whose feet he could worship, a superior woman who could claim him and compel him to serve her. He knew Joanna was such a woman, yet he had sudden doubts that he could please her.

Don't lose your nerve now, he chided himself. You've already scored points, just answer her questions and see what happens.

As he read the questions, he found his cock getting hard. He held the paper to his nose, longing for a scent of her. A trace of perfume, a hint of leather, anything at all? Looking at the letter again, he was struck with the ridiculous impulse to lick the ink off the paper. It was stupid, he knew, but he was beginning to go crazy with need and anything to bring her closer would do.

Pull yourself together, jackass, he thought. Answer her damn questions. With tremendous effort, he took a new sheet of paper from his desk drawer and began to write, trying to ignore the soreness between his legs.

That night, the second letter to her finished and mailed, Keith couldn't stop the questions from dancing in his head.

What leads you to believe you are capable of serving a woman such as myself?

What experience have you had in serving a woman such as myself?

What have been your most favorite ways to serve? Your least favorite?

Of what are you afraid in a sexual sense? (These can be things you have actually experienced, or only imagined.)

He had answered the questions truthfully, realizing that trying to figure out what "right" and "wrong" answers might be would be an exercise in futility. The last thing he wanted to do was anger her and lose his chance to train with her, so he figured truth was best.

As he lay naked in bed on satin sheets with the air-conditioning a comforting background hum, Keith thought of *her*.

Mistress Joanna. The name alone gave him a hard-on. He thought of the

photographs he had seen of her, even the brief glimpses he'd had of her at public events.

She was tall, as tall as him, five foot ten at least, slim, with shocking red hair hanging down to the small of her back. He imagined sticking his face into that hair and inhaling deeply. Unable to resist any longer, he grabbed his cock and started jerking it roughly. He imagined the skin of her neck, imagined touching it and finding it soft and pale with perhaps a blush of pink.

And her breasts—oh God, her breasts—so round and full and always peeking out from the corsets and bustiers she wore, each more than a handful in size. He imagined putting his mouth to one, licking and teasing the nipple until it was firm and pointed, then transferring his attentions to the other. He jerked himself harder as he wondered what color her nipples were—red, pink, tan, brown, a rainbow of delectable candy for his lips and tongue.

Lower, still lower he imagined moving, over her smooth flat belly, and slowly down between her legs with his hands and mouth, even lower until he plunged into the mind-altering canyon between her legs.

“Fffuuuucckkkk!” Keith groaned as he came, splattering his stomach and chest with jizz. His body shuddered with pleasure as his orgasm crashed through him like a wave upon the sand. He jerked himself a few more times, squeezing even more juice out of his aching balls. Finally he let go of himself and let his hand fall to the sheets. Without even wiping himself off, he fell asleep right then and there, and dreamed blissfully all night of *her*.

Several days after Keith had sent his reply to Mistress Joanna, a small package arrived in the mail for him. Recognizing the return address, he opened it excitedly. However, when he saw what was inside the smile left his face. He read the enclosed note and then sat down to think long and hard.

The restaurant was five star, one of the city's best. Keith knew the place; he had taken business associates there before. He wondered briefly if he would see anyone he knew, then banished the thought as unimportant. He didn't care if anyone recognized him, or the person he would be dining with.

He suddenly broke out into a cold sweat. His insides tightened and his cock

stirred with need. He was about to have his first face-to-face meeting with Mistress Joanna. The thought was as terrifying as it was arousing.

“Sir?” the maitre d’ said.

“What?” Keith said distractedly.

“Please follow me, your party is waiting.”

“Oh, sorry.”

He followed the man through the crowded restaurant, practically holding his breath for his first sight of her. Then, there she was! His breath drained out of him and he stared in shock.

She wasn’t alone.

Not only was Mistress Joanna there, dressed exquisitely in a lush green ensemble surely purchased in Milan, her red hair silky and shining, but two other women who sat with her. All three of them looked up at him expectantly. The maitre d’ pulled the fourth, empty chair out for him.

“Enjoy your meal, ladies, sir,” the maitre d’ said, leaving Keith standing, staring like an idiot.

“My friends,” Joanna said, and Keith’s dick pronged out at the sound of her voice. As many different ways as he’d imagined it, actually hearing her speak was infinitely better. He tried to hide his erection, painfully visible through his slacks, with his hands. “This is Mr. Keith Trenton. Mr. Trenton and I are negotiating a possible collaboration.” She gestured at the woman on her right, a pixieish blonde with a mischievous smile.

“This is Diana Porter.”

The blonde held out her hand and Keith shook it like an automaton. Her skin was soft, but beneath it he felt a grip of iron. The juxtaposition was troubling, yet intriguing.

“A pleasure to meet you, Mr. Trenton,” Diana said. Keith nodded stupidly as Joanna indicated the woman on her left, a raven-haired Amazonian beauty even taller than she was.

“And this is Morgana Kallman.” Morgana gave Keith an appraising look, then nodded at him. There was something predatory in the way she looked at him, and it made him both uncomfortable and horny.

“You have a lot to live up to, Mr. Trenton,” she said. “Joanna only works with people who are the best at what they do.”

Suddenly Keith remembered who he was. He counted six Fortune 500 companies on his client list, for God’s sake, and here he was getting flustered at the sight of three women?

“I’ll do my best to live up to her expectations, Ms. Kallman,” he said, wondering who he was kidding. Between them, of course, was Mistress Joanna herself in all her glory, so beautiful, so powerful.

She stood up, gorgeous, breathtaking, poised and elegant.

“My name is Joanna Persephone,” she said.

“I...” Keith couldn’t finish. He had known she was a formidable woman, but nothing had prepared him for the effect that being this close to her would actually have on him. He wondered how old she was—early thirties like him, or older? Younger?

“Sit down, Mr. Trenton,” she said.

“Yes, Ma’am,” he said instinctively, and obeyed her, then shifted uncomfortably in his chair.

“Diana and Morgana are in the same line of work as myself,” she explained, “so they can appreciate what we’re doing here. I value their opinions highly.”

Great, thought Keith. I’m being evaluated not just by one beautiful and intelligent woman, but three.

“Do you have much experience in our field, Mr. Trenton?” Morgana asked. Keith looked at her and tried not to be distracted by her ample breasts, which were hardly concealed by her low-cut blouse.

“Only a little,” he said, “but everyone says Mistr...Ms. Persephone is the best there is, so I came to her.”

“You’ve done your research,” Morgana said, almost grudgingly. “That’s impressive.”

“You flatter me,” Joanna said, and Keith found himself staring at her slender neck and the way her red hair fell around it. “I believe the other women at this table are equally expert at what they do.”

Keith felt like he was in a sexual haze, what with the three women paying rapt attention to him—it was almost enough to ease the surprise and discomfort he was also feeling.

Until they placed their orders.

When Morgana requested shark fin soup, Diana waited until the waiter left to say, “Shark fin? I’m terrified of sharks. I don’t even like to swim in a pool, my phobia is so strong.”

“I can understand that,” Morgana said. “Fears are very strange. Your fears can rule you, or you can rule them.”

“Sometimes you must face your fear,” Joanna said, looking at Keith. “Allow yourself to feel it, and then move past it.”

“Can you give me an example, Joanna?” Diana said. “I’m certainly not going swimming at the Farallon Islands, if that’s what you mean.”

“No, I mean facing a fear where there is no real danger, only danger in your mind. In your example, you could face your fear by swimming in a pool. It would be difficult, but there would be no actual danger to you.”

“I think I understand.” Diana said.

“Now Mr. Trenton’s greatest fear is embarrassment,” Joanna said, and Keith felt like he had just been pushed out of an airplane. “So he would definitely not want you to know that he has a four-inch penis-shaped butt plug in his ass right now.”

His mouth dropped open and his face burned with humiliation. Yet his cock, already aroused in the presence of the women, suddenly shot to attention with full hardness. Morgana and Diana tried to hide their giggles, but he could clearly see their amusement at his expense.

Looking back on it later, Keith realized that despite his discomfort, both physical and mental, he never actually thought about leaving the table. If this was what Joanna wanted, this was what she would get. He knew he had to trust her. He had heard too many great things about her to believe she was doing this for mere sadism.

She must have had a reason, and he trusted her.

The haze he was in got even thicker, and his vision wavered like air above hot

asphalt. When their meals arrived, the four of them ate, the three women talking vaguely about their current projects, sometimes engaging Keith in the conversation. Through it all, Joanna watched him, smiling.

He sleepwalked through the rest of the meal, both appalled and enthralled with Mistress Joanna. When it was over and he had returned home, Keith removed the butt plug from his ass, grimacing as it slurped its way out. Strangely, he found himself feeling somehow empty with it gone.

In his jacket pocket he found a note, written in Joanna's distinctive hand.

Mr. Trenton:

If you would like to proceed, come to the address below at 9:00 this evening. You're ready for some one-on-one time. Do NOT touch your cock unless urinating.

Mistress Joanna

He didn't know how she had gotten it into his pocket without him noticing, but Keith realized that questioning Joanna and her methods would be a futile exercise. He decided to simply follow her directions.

The house he had been summoned to was large, not quite a mansion, but certainly impressive. It was high in the hills above the city, in a wealthy neighborhood with quiet streets and eighty-thousand-dollar cars in the driveways. After Keith had parked his car, he followed the walkway up to the front door.

Stopping for a second, he took a deep breath. This is what it had all been leading to, wasn't it? This was the encounter he had been working toward. Just the Mistress and himself.

He hadn't even seen her yet and his cock was already swollen and sore in his pants. He had wanted to jerk off so badly after lunch, but her instructions were clear—he hadn't touched himself except to aim when he pissed. He felt strange, almost like a different person. She had confronted him with something he was afraid of, and he had come through it okay.

Better than okay.

It had made him fucking horny! All the tension, confusion and titillation he

had experienced during the meal had combined into his groin, with his dick now aching for release.

Calm down, he told himself. Just do what she says and it'll be okay.

He rang the bell, and a moment later, the door was opened.

A large man, a bodybuilder by the look of him, stood in the doorway and regarded Keith with an expectant smile. The man was shirtless, wearing an elaborate leather harness that made his already impressive chest even more imposing. He was wearing shiny black shorts that were made of rubber or latex and his sizable cock was clearly visible through them. His feet were bare.

“Mr. Trenton?” the bodybuilder asked.

“Uh, yeah,” Keith said, hating the stupid look of surprise he knew was on his face.

“Good evening, the Mistress is expecting you. Please come in.” He stepped back to give Keith room to enter. Keith stepped into the house and the man closed the door behind him. “My name is Bruno,” the bodybuilder said. “Please follow me.”

Keith did what he was told and walked behind Bruno through the expansive entryway. Cool grays, blacks and creams were the color themes, and the floors were covered with expensive tile. The ceilings were high and the walls were decorated with framed black-and-white photographs of nude men. The bodybuilder led Keith up a long flight of stairs, and Keith had a chance to look more closely at some of the pictures. The men had been photographed when they were in the throes of passion—their bodies tense, their muscles flexed, their dicks large, with low-hanging balls.

Is that what I have to live up to? Keith thought. I may be good looking with a decent body, but I can't compete with these guys!

“Mistress Joanna is a brilliant artist, isn't she?” Bruno said when they'd reached the top of the stairs.

“She took these pictures?” Keith asked.

“She did,” Bruno confirmed. “This is where I leave you. Follow the hallway down to the end, take a left and open the first door on the right.”

“Okay,” Keith said, as Bruno turned and headed back down the stairs. “Thank

you!” Keith said after him.

“Good luck, Mr. Trenton,” the bodybuilder said without looking back. Keith faced the hallway. His cock, which had wilted in the presence of Bruno, suddenly came back to attention. Anticipation and a little fear filled him as he followed the instructions he’d been given and found himself opening the specified door.

The room seemed to be nearly empty, with a chair in the middle and dim red lights set close to the floor. On the floor in front of the chair was a small cushioned mat.

In the chair sat a woman.

“Mistress Joanna?” Keith asked breathlessly.

“Yes, Mr. Trenton,” she said. “Come in and shut the door behind you.” He obeyed, and found himself alone, at last, with the object of his desire. She was shadowed in darkness, but he knew it was her. The voice was distinctive.

“Remove your clothing,” Joanna said.

“Yes, Mistress,” he said.

“From now on you will address me as Ma’am,” she said, watching him undress. “Only submissives I have agreed to train have the privilege of calling me Mistress.”

“Yes, Ma’am,” Keith said, dropping the last of his clothes to the floor before standing naked in front of her. He could feel her eyes roving up and down his gym-toned body, evaluating him. He felt like a piece of merchandise being appraised by a prospective buyer, and he found it fucking hot. She gestured at his erect cock, which seemed to be straining toward her as if of its own volition.

“I’m happy you came,” she said. “I didn’t know if, after our lunch, you would still be interested in pursuing this.”

“It wasn’t what I expected, Ma’am, but I trusted you. Do trust you. Now. I trust you now.”

“Indeed.”

Shut up, idiot! he told himself. *You’re fumbling around like a teenager on his first date.*

“Who’s Bruno?” he asked before he could stop himself. She laughed softly, and it was a wonderful sound to hear.

“Bruno is my assistant,” she answered. Keith gave a visible sigh of relief.

“Were you afraid he was my husband, or my lover?” she asked.

“I guess so,” Keith said.

“Listen closely, Mr. Trenton,” she said, leaning forward in her chair. “What I do, and how I conduct myself outside of our time together is of no consequence to you. There is no place for jealousy or envy here. All your attention should be focused on serving me and performing to the best of your ability. After tonight, I will answer your question.”

“My question?”

“You asked if I would train you as my submissive.”

“But...”

“Surely you didn’t think my decision had been made already, just based on our lunch today? Get on your knees on the mat and read what is written on the piece of paper on the floor in front of it.”

“Yes, Ma’am,” he said, stepping up to the mat and dropping down onto his knees. He hadn’t noticed the piece of paper on the floor before, but there it was. Mistress Joanna continued speaking.

“If the statement on the paper is true, then read it again, out loud. If it isn’t, then you may put your clothing back on and leave this house.”

Keith squinted in the dim light to read the inscription on the paper. Then he took a deep breath, let it all out, and read it aloud, his voice quavering.

“I am here to learn. I am here because I need to serve a superior female. I am here because I desire to be trained to perform to the best of my ability in this endeavor. I place myself in the hands of the woman who shares this room with me now. I pledge to trust her, serve her and obey her.”

“Clasp your hands behind your back and keep your eyes on the floor,” Joanna said.

“Yes, Ma’am,” Keith said, putting the piece of paper down and obeying. The woman rose to her feet and stepped out of the shadows into the dim red light.

Keith wanted to look up at her, but his instructions were clear: he must keep his eyes down. Her high heels clicked on the wooden floor as she walked around him in a circle.

Something was making a swishing noise, a sound he didn't think he'd ever heard before. The noise was punctuated by a slapping sound. The strange and intriguing noises continued as she circled him like a shark that had sighted prey.

"The dynamic between Dominant and submissive," Mistress Joanna said, "is frequently described as a game. I myself find that description crude. I believe that what we do is in fact a dance—a stylized set of complementary movements."

Keith found her voice and inflections intoxicating, and he felt like he was being hypnotized by it and the other sounds.

"Although one partner is in control of the other, both partners are equally important to the dance, equally required for the dance to be realized." She stopped her relentless circling and stood in front of him, her legs spread. The source of the noise was now visible to him.

It was a leather flogger, its many black tails rustling together to make the swishing sound as she gently waved it at her side. Keith realized that the other sound must have been Mistress Joanna slapping the flogger against her bare leg.

He found himself dying to know how far that nakedness continued up her body. *Was she wearing a miniskirt, a thong, a G-string? Was she*—his cock flexed at the mere thought—*naked*? But his thoughts were banished by pure sensation when she moved the flogger forward so it was hanging directly in front of him, its tails surrounding his hard dick. She moved it slightly, and the strips of leather played across his shaft. Keith closed his eyes.

He found it difficult not to move, what with a goddess standing in front of him and the flogger she was holding hanging on to his cock.

"Mr. Trenton," Mistress Joanna said.

"Yes, Ma'am?" he said, startled.

"What is more important to you, obeying me or satisfying your body's desires?"

"I desire to serve you, Ma'am, so obeying you is its own reward," he said. So

fast that he hardly knew what was happening, she raised the flogger and brought it smashing down on his back and shoulders. Keith couldn't stop the cry of pain and surprise from escaping his lips, and his skin flushed red with embarrassment.

"Communication and honesty are the most important parts of the dance, Mr. Trenton," she said, resuming her circling around him like a prowling jungle cat. "Your answer to my question, however poetic, was calculated. You said what you thought I wanted to hear, rather than the true answer. That will not do. I always want to know what your truth is, even if it's something you don't think I'll like."

She stopped directly behind him, and he could swear he felt the heat of her sex on his shoulder blades.

"Look up," Mistress Joanna said. He obeyed and saw the empty chair she had been sitting in. "Now we'll try again. In a contest between your desire and your obedience, which would win?"

"I don't know, Ma'am," Keith said. "No one has ever made me feel like you do. I want to serve you, but my body is aching for some kind of release."

"That's better," she said. "Now close your eyes and crawl onto the chair in front of you."

"Yes, Ma'am, thank you, Ma'am," he said, relieved to be able to move his aching arms and legs. He got up onto the chair and faced her with his eyes closed. His ass thrilled with delight at the tiny traces of body heat left from where she had sat moments before. He wanted to see her so badly, but he'd tasted her displeasure and wanted no more of that.

He would obey.

He would wait.

"Open your eyes, Mr. Trenton."

Keith did as he was told, and gasped.

She was naked except for her shoes.

And stunning.

Breasts full and rounded, nipples dark red in the dim light. Stomach flat, legs long and shapely. The dark patch between her legs enthralling in its power and temptation.

“You may wonder,” she said, “why I appear to you naked except for my feet. The answer is that all the garments I could wear—the corsets, bustiers, thongs, gloves, and so on—are mere props. The true power of a born dominant is something from the inside, not the outside. If I choose to train you, we will explore many forms of clothing, for both you and me. But tonight, when I test you, it will be between our wills and bodies alone, no accoutrements. That is why you are naked, and that is why I am naked except for my shoes. That, and the fact that my feet get cold.”

Keith couldn’t help laughing. Mistress Joanna indulged him with a smile, but then her expression turned deadly serious again.

“Now, Mr. Trenton,” she said, “listen very carefully. We’re going to learn just how much control you have over yourself. Do not move. No matter what happens, stay still. I’m not going to bind you to that chair; that would be too easy. You will prevent yourself from moving by force of will alone. Your performance on this test will determine whether or not I train you as a submissive. I have to know that your mind will obey me, despite the demands of your greedy body. Are your instructions clear?”

“Yes, Ma’am,” Keith said, wondering what the test would entail. All he had to do was not move. That should be easy enough, he figured.

Mistress Joanna stepped toward him, and his body reacted as she got closer. He didn’t move, but he felt his cock flush with blood at her nearness, his skin reddening with desire. He felt confident. *I’m in control of myself*, Keith thought. *I can do this.*

Then she stepped closer, bringing her face close to his. Scents of fruit drifted into his nose as she exhaled gently. Her mouth was almost touching his, and she moistened her lips with her tongue. The urge to kiss her was palpable, but Keith knew he had to resist. He longed to reach up, to take her in his arms, to crush her to his chest and devour every inch of her body with his mouth.

But he couldn’t.

Wouldn’t.

Mustn’t.

He had to obey his orders!

Her hands were on his head, running through his hair, gently tickling his ears.

Her touch was electric, and his cock, already sore from days of being denied, started to ooze desperate precome.

Mistress Joanna's hands moved lower, down his neck, across his strong shoulders. He shivered. Still lower, exploring his chest, lingering on his pectorals, tweaking the nipples playfully. Keith did not move. Farther down, she moved on to his firm abdominal muscles, and below. He wished she would stop. His dick was already begging to be stimulated; how could he possibly stop himself from moving or climaxing if she touched his penis or even jerked him off?

I can do this, he thought again. *I will do this*.

An instant later he wasn't so sure.

She took his cock in her hand.

Her grip was pure pleasure, enclosing his rigid flesh in warmth and pressure, her palm passing over his cap and gently spreading his excited natural lube up and down the shaft.

And, somehow, he did not move.

He just sat there, enjoying the sensations, yet ignoring the urge to thrust against her hand, to pull her onto the floor and ravish her with every ounce of his masculinity. How he was doing it he didn't know. All he did know was that he had his instructions, and he was damned if he wouldn't follow them.

I can do this, he thought.

But his resolve was shaken by the next step in the dance. Mistress Joanna released his cock, an action which he was grateful for, but then she made everything worse by crawling onto him.

What was she doing?

She placed her delectable bottom on top of his knees with one leg on either side of him, her sex only inches from his dick. One arm on each of his shoulders, her face right in front of his. Her chest pushed into his, her breasts aching, maddeningly pressing against him, begging to be touched, fondled, caressed, suckled.

Sweat broke out on Keith's forehead.

How could he possibly not move, not follow the demands of his body, which

so wanted to consummate the tension and promise of what was happening? How could he not? Panic began in his mind, and was blooming into an ugly flower when she played her ultimate card.

Mistress Joanna, using Keith's shoulders for leverage, lifted her body up off of his lap, then shifted position slightly and in one smooth motion impaled herself on his cock, taking him deep inside her. Keith's world turned inside out. Somehow freezing in place, determined not to move, he sucked in the deepest breath he'd ever taken, then released it. With a small, wicked smile, Mistress Joanna looked her applicant in the eye, and began to fuck herself on his dick.

The pleasure was so amazing that for an instant he thought he was lost.

But then, when he thought there was no possible way he could stay still, no possible way he could *not* come, Keith remembered something. From memory, he recited what he had read on the piece of the paper on the floor.

In a calm, even voice, he said:

"I am here to learn. I am here because I need to serve a superior female. I am here because I desire to be trained to perform to the best of my ability in this endeavor. I place myself in the hands of the woman who shares this room with me now. I pledge to trust her, serve her and obey her."

Mistress Joanna let out a noise that was half purr and half snarl. She bucked on his cock, fucking herself deeper. The words seemed to have sent her into a frenzy, and Keith knew she was climaxing as she used him ruthlessly. He felt centered for the first time in weeks. He was exactly where he wanted to be, doing exactly what he wanted to be doing. He was serving a superior female, exactly as she wished to be served. She had issued instructions, and he was following them to the letter. If she wanted to use him as a living dildo, that was fine with him. If she wanted to challenge his brain against his dick, his brain was winning.

He remained still as Mistress Joanna's climax faded and she slowly came down from the plateau her orgasm had taken her to. Keith sat absolutely still, breathing softly, letting her use him to support herself, and found himself feeling something he hadn't quite expected: happy.

After several long moments, Mistress Joanna pulled herself off Keith's cock and unhooked her legs from around his waist. She got off the chair and stood in front of him. Keith kept his gaze straight ahead, silently enjoying the sight of her

breasts.

“Lie down on the floor, on your back,” she said.

“Yes, Ma’am,” he said without hesitation and did as she said, smoothly kneeling down on the floor and lying faceup at her feet. Mistress Joanna placed one high-heeled foot on his chest and looked down at him.

“Mr. Trenton?” she said.

“Ma’am?” he said.

“Come for me, *now!*”

Pleasure exploded inside Keith’s body at her words, and his cock started shooting spurt after spurt of hot come onto her shoe, and his chest, neck and face. He let out a roar of animal ecstasy that must’ve shaken the foundations of the house. Convulsing on the floor, under her foot, he crested on a wave of sensation that lifted him high and took him further than he’d ever gone before. His shudders slowed and his moans quieted, and he lay at her feet, spent. She removed her foot, the shoe dripping with his cream, from his chest.

“Mr. Trenton,” she said.

“M...Ma’am...” he said.

“Clean my shoe, then put your clothes back on. Bruno will show you out.”

“Yes, Mist—Yes, Ma’am,” he said, in a daze. There seemed to be no towels around, so Keith licked Mistress Joanna’s shoe until all of his come was gone, leaving it shiny and black once again. Then, under her watchful eye, he got up and put his clothes on, not caring that he was covered with his own spunk. He felt like he was a marionette, under someone else’s power, as he numbly followed orders.

Mistress Joanna sat back down in the chair and watched him. After Keith was dressed, Bruno opened the door to the room and walked in. He gently took Keith by the arm and led him out of the room, back down the stairs, through the entryway, and to the front door.

“Are you all right to drive, sir?”

“What?” Keith said, as if seeing Bruno for the first time.

“Would you like me to drive you home?”

“No, I’m okay,” he said, then grinned stupidly at the other man. “She’s really something, huh?”

Bruno smiled.

“That she is, sir. That she is.”

“So I’m hers now, right?” Keith asked, slowly coming out of his fog.

Bruno looked back up the stairs, then at Keith.

“Time will tell, sir.”

“What does that mean?”

“Good night, sir,” Bruno said, gently pushing Keith out the door.

“But...”

The door closed.

Not knowing what else to do, Keith drove home and went to bed.

The next day Keith found a familiar-looking envelope in his mailbox. It had no postmark so it must have been hand-delivered. His hand trembled slightly as he pulled the folded letter out of its envelope. He unfolded the piece of paper and scanned the message written upon it.

Dear Keith,

I have decided to grant your request to be trained as a submissive. You will report for your first training session tonight at 9:00 at my home.

Sincerely,

Mistress Joanna

P.S. From now on you will address me as Mistress.

STICKING WITH YOU

L. E. Bland

I speed dialed my fantasy, hoping to hear her voice as I pushed my cock to its limits. In my dreams it was her hand, not mine, that tormented me. Slowly I peeled the Scotch tape from my taut skin, causing the glue to tug at my most vulnerable areas. I remembered her low chuckles, the way she laughed at me as I writhed in pain and humiliation, and how amused she was with my predicament. She understood. She was the only one who had ever really known my secrets. She had been my first. I pressed the phone to my ear and my hand to my cock. With each rhythmic ring, I pulled one more strip of tape away, getting closer and closer to shooting my load. I begged for her to pick up, but prayed that she wouldn't. Of course she would know I was jerking off over the phone without permission, and I really had nothing to say to her since my mouth was clamped shut with a thick band of surgical tape. Yet still I hoped. No answer. Maybe she was screening her calls, refusing to speak to me after our last encounter.

“You have reached eight one six, four two four, five...” I hung up before her voice mail kicked in to record my indulgences.

In my cell phone, she was simply listed as Kelly—a plain, rather girlish name, but one that sounded much more commanding when preceded by the title of “Mistress.” I had met Mistress Kelly at a leather party some months back. She was petite, blonde, and even wholesome looking, but wore the wickedest of curve-hugging black latex hot pants and the spikiest of shiny knee boots. Me, well, I was walking around naked except for a few layers of “invisible” tape

wrapped around my semiflaccid cock. I was a total novice with an odd interest. In retrospect, it's a wonder anyone gave me the time of day.

I had only been to a few kinky events before and had never quite connected with the crowd, but the evening I met Mistress Kelly was different. I had decided to do away with my generic black T-shirt and jeans and face the partygoers in full fetish attire. After all, how else would I meet a play partner? With no mistress to answer to, I had to put myself in cock-and-ball bondage for the party, and of course it was my favorite kind of bondage—tape.

All dressed up in my adhesive, I cruised the sidelines of the playspace. Most of the activities didn't make sense to me, especially since the bulk of the players were male Dominants with female submissives, but every so often, I would catch a glimpse of a woman-in-charge scene that would turn the tape into tight bands all along my dick. I passed by fine ladies trampling, fierce gothic women flogging away, and evil nurses performing intense medical scenes, blood included. Somehow it all turned me on, but was beyond my scope. Finally I spotted the ultimate—a blonde goddess on stage with her latex buttocks perfectly poised atop the mouth of a sub. That I could handle.

After she was finished “smothering” her playmate, I mustered up my nerve to approach her, but before I could even open my mouth, she blurted out: “Go home, naked boy. This is a fetish event, not a swingers’ party.”

I bowed my head in deference and clasped my hands behind my back, as if already bound by her restraints. “Mistress, may I speak?” I asked. By that time, she had turned her back to me, scouting out her next prey.

“Mistress,” I addressed her again politely, knowing my chance to serve such a popular Domme was next to nil. “May I please explain myself, Mistress?”

She turned her head quickly, her blonde hair spinning around to cover her face. She seemed annoyed with me, but that turned me on even more. There is a fine line between pissing off the Domme just enough to earn a fun punishment and running her off completely. Once her fringe of bangs settled into place, I found myself shivering under a pair of sharp blue eyes that be-lies her innocent face.

“Okay, speak,” she told me. “*Dígame*, naked boy.”

“Not to disrespect or counter the Mistress,” I stammered, “but I am actually not naked and I am not a swinger. I am, in fact, wearing my servant’s outfit.” I

ran one hand across the strips of clear tape that encircled my ever-hardening cock and motioned to the band of tape around my neck that served as a makeshift collar. “I like tape,” I announced. The words echoed through the playroom, drowning out the loudest of slaps and screams. Suddenly I felt like a big freak, and a naked freak to boot. Even surrounded by kinksters of all walks of life, how could I still not fit in? Me and my tape. Was I really any weirder than the balding middle-aged man go-go dancing in a cheerleader’s outfit in the cage? Yet suddenly I wished I had one of the more usual fetishes of spanking, bondage or cross-dressing. Why couldn’t I get off from simply licking a boot or drinking piss? Why did I have to be so different in this world of sexual outcasts? My cheeks turned hot and my taped-up cock curled back between my legs.

“It’s invisible tape,” I rambled on as she glared at me. “It says so on the package. And it’s name brand, so it’s quality. It’s sticky, but it doesn’t leave a gummy residue like the cheap ones.”

I’m really blowing my first impression, I thought. But instead of ignoring me, Mistress Kelly posed another question. “Do you really like tape, or are you just cheap?” she said accusingly. “What did this outfit cost you? Fifty cents?” She slinked toward me, her musculature enhanced by the shiny rubber skin that bore the distinct aroma of sweat and latex. A well-manicured hand reached down and ripped a strip off my cock. The glue was delicate and the skin, sensitive. The sting hummed in my ears and my cock jumped to attention, nearly bursting the remaining bondage.

“You’re quite a number, aren’t you?” Mistress Kelly laughed, all the while rubbing the discarded piece of tape between her fingers, sticky side out, so that the clear covering glided against itself like a tiny musical instrument. Little did she know what that motion alone did to me. Just watching the tape mesmerized me, sending me into a dream state of forbidden and unexplainable fantasies. *But it’s just tape*, I reasoned. *A simple pleasure*.

As Mistress Kelly toyed with the tape, memories of my college girlfriend resurfaced. Those were the days of hormones so raw that the slightest quirk became exciting, even a four-inch strip of tape. My sorority sweetheart had a habit of toying with tape and sometimes even sticking it on her arm or thigh for no apparent reason. After some minutes, her skin began to pucker and lighten beneath the adhesive until finally she would yank it off—again, for no apparent reason.

My girlfriend had no idea what her odd habit did to me, and I had no idea why it did. Every time we studied together in my dorm room, I watched her fiddle absentmindedly with the flat, transparent tongues that spouted from my tape dispenser. Her nimble fingers manipulated the plastic with ease, careful not to let it stick to itself and ruin the game. Every so often the tape slipped away to form a gooey wad between her thumb and forefinger. Frustrated, she tossed it aside, but alas, there was always more tape. Always. I made sure of it, even going so far as to carry a spare roll in my backpack in case she ran out. What if she suddenly needed to wrap a birthday present for someone? What if the envelope she had just licked came unglued? What if she wanted to tape my mouth shut while she fucked me up the ass with a strap-on? My cock strained against my jeans. Was it my girlfriend or the tape? Or both?

I was too horny to sort it all out, but from then on, I knew I was heterosexual in spite of my occasional ass fantasies. But I also knew I liked tape.

My mind drifted back to the party, and just as in the clichéd Freudian dreams, there I was standing naked in front of a bunch of strangers. Mistress Kelly stared me down. I felt she could read my mind, yet prayed that she couldn't. At least she wasn't making fun of me—yet. She gave my cock a firm swat.

“My truck needs waxing and buffing,” she told me. “Be at my place tomorrow at six p.m.” On that note, she lifted the edge of my “collar” and taped her calling card to my neck.

The next day, I arrived at her apartment and parked in the appointed spot—right next to her faded red truck, which was nowhere near as sleek and shiny as her fetishwear. As instructed, I phoned first to announce my arrival. She answered curtly and told me she would buzz me up, yet the apartments were one-story and there was no buzzer at her door. Instead I found a folded note attached to the doorknocker with a strip of shimmering duct tape. One of my favorites. How did she ever guess?

I pulled the tape away from the knocker, sending it bouncing lightly against the metal backing. The note read:

Dare to stick with me
Like a duct takes to water
A fish out of sea

As I stood there trying to decipher the cryptic haiku, the door handle turned.

“Come in,” a voice commanded. I walked into a heavily air-conditioned darkness and there was Mistress Kelly, one-on-one and in person, wearing nothing. Or was it nothing? I squinted until my eyes adjusted and yes, sure enough, I spotted the telltale calligraphy of electrician’s tape. Over her breasts were two black Xs, and at the crease of her thighs, she had fashioned a V of red tape that framed her pussy.

“Stop staring and undress,” she ordered. I did as told and left my clothes folded neatly on a chair. “And don’t think for a second that I am undressed for you. At fetish parties,” she told me, “I go all out, but in private, I don’t wear much at all, especially in this heat. Though I did add the tape to fuck with your head, and I believe it’s working.”

She clamped her hand around my cock as if she knew it was already hers and led me to the kitchen table. There she had set out every type of tape a modern household might require—Scotch tape in both single- and double-sided versions, masking tape, duct tape, electrician’s tape in a variety of colors, white bandage tape from the drugstore, and even mesh surgical tape. Mistress Kelly had it all.

“Some are waterproof,” she announced proudly. “And others will rip your skin off.” I had to wonder if she, too, had a tape interest, but I dared not ask. Mistress Kelly held several rolls up against my cock as if to check for size. She finally decided on the narrow electrician’s tape. “I have to put you in proper cock bondage,” she said. “Think of it as a chastity belt of sorts.” Under her hand, I grew big enough to spear a jumbo roll of duct tape, but I held back as she carefully applied alternating bands of red and black around my hard-on, plus a “cock strap” of medical tape to maintain my erection. After she was done decorating me, she turned me to a tall mirror and stood behind me. I could feel her bare breasts pressing against my back, her nipples covered with the all too familiar plastic. In spite of the cool air, she was burning hot. She peeked around and smiled. “You’re funny,” she said. She wasn’t finished with my get-up yet. Soon I had yellow electrician’s tape around each wrist, and green around my ankles.

“The truck is already washed,” she told me. “Go wax it before it gets dark outside.” On that note, she tossed me a pair of very small Speedo-style swim trunks and a bag of wax and rags, and then shoved me out the door. I heard the bolt lock turn behind me as I hobbled out into the parking lot in my revealing Hawaiian print underwear. For once in my life, I prayed that my penis looked

small.

I did my best on the truck, though I felt cheesy leaning over the hood, like one of those car wash girls wearing spandex in the 1980s videos. But if being slutty beefcake was what it took to get closer to Mistress Kelly, then I was ready to oblige. Every so often, the curtains parted. Although I couldn't see into the dark window, I knew that she was waiting for me, and when she wasn't watching, there was always the tape to remind me who was in charge—and the flashy spandex shorts with a tight grip that challenged my nether regions.

"I saw you out there working," she said after I had completed my task and she'd let me back in. "You know, you're one of the few guys who can wear bikini shorts without looking like fried Eurotrash on a yacht." She came up behind me and dragged two claws down my shoulders. As they reached my lower back, I felt the elastic loosen. Yes, Mistress Kelly was pulling off my shorts and I wasn't going to stop her, even after I had seen what evil things she had done to the other men at the party.

"I don't kiss on the first playdate," she told me. With roll after roll of electrician's tape, she styled a type of gag over my lips, but the tape didn't stop her. She pushed me onto the futon and gently pressed her lips to my mouth covering, then moved my useless face down to her breasts. Out of temptation and lack of bondage, I reached out to touch the tape on her nipples, but she slapped my hand right away. "No touching," she said, motioning for me to kneel in front of her. There she sat before me, my bizarre tape goddess, with her legs spread wide apart. "I also like to get off when I play, but like I said, no direct contact." As if she had done it all before, she pulled strip after strip from the rolls and placed them in perfect lines up and down her pussy lips. She didn't have to tell me what to do. With her fingers planted firmly in my hair, she pressed my muzzle to her mound and gyrated into my face. Even though we couldn't touch, the edges of our tapes stuck together, bonding us, in my mind, as Mistress and slave.

Oral sex with a dental dam is already a challenge, but with tape, it's even harder. I did what I could, given my predicament. I rubbed, shook, circled, and even hummed against the layers, and in no time, Mistress Kelly was rocking away at my mouth. I had passed with flying colors, or so I thought.

"That was great, but once is not enough for me. Why don't you show me what else you're good at?" Mistress Kelly glided her fingers across the pussy tape.

The strips parted slightly to reveal a slit of pink flesh. She pulled a condom out of the drawer and laid it next to her on the futon. “I’ll leave your cock strap on for my pleasure, but this shaft tape has got to go.” I stood up so she could remove it. How could I refuse? My dream had finally come true. A hot, horny woman was going to fuck me, and there was tape involved, too.

Her lips were only inches from my shining head. As much as I wanted to fuck her, I hated for her to take the tape off my cock. How great it would feel to have her mouth wrapped around the very same tape that was wrapped around my dick—the slick plastic, the tightness, her teeth catching against the ridges of the bands. But then there was her pussy, still wet from her own come, so wet that the strips of waterproof tape had separated. She was opened up and ready, and I was right there, beyond ready. I had waited for this moment for so long, I had given up hope.

But when her fingers started to pull the first strip of tape, I turned into a frantic twenty-year-old boy again. I lost control of my cock, even with well over a decade of fucking experience under my belt. Without warning, I shot off, right on the floor, barely missing her leg.

“How dare you!” Mistress Kelly screamed. Luckily, the floor was linoleum and easy to clean, but the damage was done. I jumped up for a towel, but before I could start cleaning up my mess, she threw my heap of clothes right into the spill. I knew my invitation had expired, so I wriggled back into my street clothes as quickly as possible and ran out the door, all covered with sticky splotches. I didn’t even have time to remove the makeshift muzzle from my mouth. Even though I looked silly driving down the highway with tape on my face, I didn’t want to take it off. It was all I had left of her. Afterward, I kept it around for when I wanted to get off, but without her, the tape had lost its magic as well as its stickiness.

For weeks I tried to contact Mistress Kelly. Sometimes I left messages begging for mercy. Other times I called while I was jerking off and just hung up. I even texted her, but after so many attempts, her incoming number never once showed up on my display.

Finally, one lonely Friday night as I lay in bed watching a bondage film—with my cock taped up and my mouth clamped shut—the phone rang. It was her! Without thinking, I picked up.

“Hello? Tape Boy?” she asked.

I tried to answer, “Yes, Mistress,” but had forgotten about my muzzle. Instead of hearing my submissive pleas, Mistress Kelly witnessed the loud moans and slaps of the porn film on my TV.

“Well, it certainly sounds like you’ve moved on,” she blurted out angrily. “Have fun tonight. I know I will.” She hung up before I could free my mouth. Where could she be? And why had she decided to call? I looked at the calendar. It was the night of the monthly play party and I had completely forgotten. I dashed out the door, bag of tape in tow, ready to brave the dark, sticky night.

I 1T U 2 DO SUMFIN 4 ME

George Cross

I 1t u 2 do sumfin 4 me

A text message.

Eight words.

No punctuation.

An ascendancy of numbers intermingled with alphabetical characters. It was almost worthy of e. e. cummings with its puzzling, hard-to-grasp efficiency. And it was the reason Archie was hard and quivering and desperate to please his beloved Jennifer. He texted a response as fast as his trembling thumbnail could hit the tiny buttons on his phone's keypad. His palm was so sweaty the Nokia twice slipped from his grip. *u no id do anyfin 4 u*

Jennifer's reply came back instantaneously.

i 1t u 2 wear my clothes

His mouth went dry as he read the message. The first stir-rings of arousal had already bristled through his body. Now they tingled through his fingertips and culminated in a thick, rigid stiffness in his loins. The instruction was so characteristic of Jennifer that even the crisp line of text reminded him of her brisk no-nonsense personality. There hadn't been an unnecessary character in any of the messages. She contracted words to their shortest possible format, ignoring capitalization and formalized spelling but never forsaking clarity. Her

desire to be understood clearly and concisely was as obvious in her text messages as it was when she stood over him and spat orders and commands.

Archie responded without hesitation.

which clothes?

skins 1st

The warm day was cooling toward evening. Early twilight bleached the sun from the sky. Glancing through the window at the darkening world outside, he guessed that Jennifer's day as an office ball-breaker was drawing to a close. He wondered if this was her idea of foreplay in anticipation of the night ahead: an exchange of text messages that would precede her arrival on their doorstep once she left work. She was, no doubt, expecting a night of sublime servitude from him. A night that would be complemented for him by a display of her satisfying superiority. The imagined scenarios they might enjoy together rushed through his thoughts like swift sequential stills from a movie montage.

Archie was dressed only in Jennifer's clothes.

Kneeling at her bare feet.

Kissing her toes.

Stroking her thighs.

Nuzzling her bare sex.

His erection reached full hardness. But, rather than give in to the urge to masturbate, he knew he had to heed Jennifer's instruction. Knowing she didn't approve of hesitation he rushed upstairs to the bedroom. Discarding his own clothes as he ran, Archie was naked when he pulled Jennifer's hosiery from the top cabinet of her bedside drawer. Sitting on the side of the bed, his bare buttocks caressed by the cool linen, Archie slowly rolled a stocking over his toes. Sliding the sheer denier up and over one knee, trying not to think of the delicious frisson that came from having the snug-fitting fabric hug and caress his leg, he let the elastic at the top of the hold-up encircle his thigh in a tight, constricting band. Shivering from the thrill, he pulled on the second stocking and enjoyed the same decadent tremor of raw arousal. His erection stood hard and exposed between his legs. Glancing down at himself, seeing his shaft rigid against the backdrop of his own manly legs in her luxuriant, feminine stockings, Archie thought the image was wonderfully humiliating. With renewed effort, he

continued to resist the urge to touch himself. Instead, he reached for his mobile phone and sent Jennifer another message. *skins on*

Her reply came back in seconds. A single electronic beep broke the silence and notified him that her message had been received.

now a blk thong & bra

Archie closed his eyes.

His erection remained hard and unwavering. His scrotum was so taut and full it was an agony each time he exhaled. His sac was on the verge of erupting, potentially exploding with the slightest suggestion of further arousal. Reading Jennifer's clipped text command again (*now a blk thong & bra*) and reveling in his obedience to the ice maiden he revered, Archie had to draw a long deep breath to clear his thoughts and renew his resolve.

The mobile beeped again.

He glanced at the new message and groaned softly.

blk thong & bra NOW

Aware that there was no time to savor the pleasure of her instructions, knowing he had to obey her as though she was barking each command as she towered over him, Archie returned to Jennifer's lingerie drawer and retrieved a black bra and a matching thong. The soles of his stockinged feet slipped softly against the polished wooden floor. The sensation was strange, unfamiliar and disquietingly erotic.

He felt vaguely ridiculous donning the bra. The lacy fabric looked feminine and attractive in his hands but it was scratchy against his bare chest and looked silly when he checked his reflection in the wardrobe mirror.

But that feeling of ridiculousness was only another spur to his excitement.

Jennifer had an innate ability to inflict humiliation. He could see that the bizarre spectacle of his manly figure in her stockings and bra was ludicrous and demeaning. But those thoughts didn't make his erection lose its tight hold, or lessen his need for satisfaction.

And when he stepped into Jennifer's thong, the sensation was almost too much. Archie eased himself slowly into the underwear. Pulling the thong over his stocking-clad knees and then up his thighs to his hips, reminded him of the

glorious sensation that came from stepping into Jennifer's stockings. When the crotch of the thong stroked the base of his scrotum, he had to breathe deeply in an effort to stave off his impending climax. He wouldn't allow himself to think that the crotch had previously settled snugly against Jennifer's labia. He wouldn't let himself acknowledge that the gusset had once kissed the bare lips of her sex. Dwelling on those thoughts would make it impossible for him to resist the urge to orgasm.

Archie stood motionless for a full two minutes, trying to make his mind blank as he savored the rich embarrassment of being aroused by his lover's lingerie. Eventually, when he felt sure he had control of himself, Archie allowed the front panel of the thong to press against his throbbing length.

He texted another message.

bra & thong on. wot now?

Jennifer's response was immediate. The electronic beep broke the silence of his heavy respiration.

blk heels

He picked a pair of shoes from the bottom of the wardrobe, and squeezed his feet into them. He supposed it was fortunate that he and Jennifer wore similar sizes. His slight build and her commanding figure made them physically equal in most respects. Her heels felt precariously high, and surprisingly tight, but his stockinged feet fit into her shoes with only a little more effort than was comfortable. He contemplated taking another glance at himself in the mirror but didn't dare. The arousal that came from obeying her was strong enough to keep his erection hard and teetering on the brink of climax. The idea of seeing how her humiliating instructions had emasculated him would almost certainly prove more than he could resist.

wot nxt?

blk skrt top & jkt

Archie wanted to text back something droll, ask if someone had died, or if she was dressing him for a funeral, but he knew Jennifer wouldn't appreciate his attempts at levity. She had deigned to give him instructions via her mobile. Regardless of how humiliating those commands were, it was his responsibility to obey. He donned the rest of the clothes quickly. All the time he kept his mind

blank and wouldn't think about what he was doing. Jennifer had removed his masculinity with clinical efficiency. She had kept him at home, waiting for instructions that he acted on with the sequacious obedience of a Pavlovian dog. His emasculation was complete and his humiliation bordered on being total. As he contemplated the depths she had taken him to, his erection refused to subside. His balls ached with the dull and constant throb of unsated passion.

And, in his heart, he knew that Jennifer had not taken him to these depths.

She had merely sent text messages, and he had willingly obeyed.

He checked his reflection.

A grown man in women's clothes stared back at him. The smooth lines of the jacket and skirt were spoilt by the ripple of his muscles and the thrust of his unrelenting erection. The clothes were so typical of what Jennifer would wear it was almost as though she was in the room with him.

That thought made his length twitch with renewed hardness.

He had to jam a fist against his mouth to stifle the groan.

The impulse to simply stand there and allow the wave of orgasm to ripple through his body bordered on being irresistible. Sweating from the exertion of resisting his climax, reveling in the rich humiliation she had bestowed upon him, Archie picked up his mobile and sent a short message. *dun*

Jennifer's response snapped back swiftly.

cum here now. cum as u r

Archie blanched.

His heart raced.

It was one thing to dress up in Jennifer's clothes in the privacy of his own home. But the prospect of traveling to Jennifer's office, through streets where he might be seen or recognized, was enough to make his stomach churn. His bowels tingled with a hot flush of nervous adrenaline and, although his erection didn't dwindle in any respect, he told himself that Jennifer was taking the game too far. He reached for the phone and tried to think how he might tell her that he couldn't do what she had asked.

His mobile phone beeped as he held it in one shaking fist.

b here in 15 mins or no mor u & i

With no other option, knowing he had to do as she asked or lose her forever, Archie snatched his keys and his mobile and prepared to leave the house. The twilight that had bleached the light from the day now edged closer to darkness. The possibility of being seen or recognized was reduced, but not removed.

He hurried out the front door to his car with his shoulders hunched and his blushing face lowered. He drove quickly away from the street, squirming at the idea that all his neighbors might have been watching. The humiliation was no less intense when he drove into the basement car park of Jennifer's office building. There were few cars remaining, a sign that most of the office drones who toiled above had driven home for the evening. But there were enough vehicles there for Archie to know that Jennifer was not alone in the office building. The idea of being seen dressed only in her clothes left him bathed in a chilly sweat of fantastic, frustrated embarrassment.

He hobbled across the car park to the elevators, his heels making each step loud and uncomfortable. As he traveled swiftly up to the twelfth floor, he kept his eyes closed and said a silent prayer that no one—*no one*—would stop the elevator and join him on his journey.

His mobile beeped before he had reached the twelfth floor.

dnt spk 2 me wen u c me. txt only

And then the doors slid open and Jennifer stood there waiting for him.

His erection throbbed so hard he feared for one moment that the climax had ripped through his body. She looked divine in her pale blue business suit. The tailored cut accentuated her curves and made her look like the epitome of a forceful yet feminine executive. Jennifer placed a single finger against her pouting lips, reminding him to remain silent, and then nodded her head to encourage him out of the elevator.

Archie obeyed.

He followed her to her office, wary of being discovered with every awkward step, fearful of being embarrassed with every passing second, mortified by his situation every time he brooded on what he was doing. Even when they had reached the sanctuary of Jennifer's office, his nervousness wouldn't relent. She didn't fully close the door behind them and he didn't dare push it shut because

he knew Jennifer wouldn't approve of such a show of independence. Yet that constant fear of discovery did nothing to lessen his arousal. If anything, the idea of having his humiliation compounded by someone else witnessing his predicament only served to make his erection throb with revitalized urgency.

Jennifer snapped her fingers.

The unspoken command was enough to ensnare his attention. He watched as she graced him with a slow, seductive smile. And he continued to watch as she shrugged the pale blue jacket from her shoulders and then slid the skirt down over her hips.

Her blouse concealed her modesty.

The long tails brushed the tops of her bare thighs.

Even though the blouse was low cut, he could see little more than a tantalizing glimpse of cleavage. Still holding his gaze with her smile, Jennifer proceeded to pluck open the buttons. Slowly revealing herself to him, first showing a suggestion of her white cotton bra and then exposing the flat expanse of her smooth stomach, she continued releasing the buttons until the blouse was completely open.

With a casual shiver, she shrugged it from her shoulders.

Archie admired the spectacle of his beloved ice maiden clad only in plain cotton underwear. The pants and bra were nothing exotic or erotic. But the fact that Jennifer was presenting herself to him in such unusual circumstances branded the image on his thoughts as the most exciting thing he had ever seen.

She reached for the mobile phone from her desk and keyed in a short message.

Archie's mobile beeped. The sound shattered the oppressive silence that thickened the air between them. His bowels were twisted into a knot of anxious excitement. With one shaking hand he picked up the phone and read Jennifer's single word command.

undress

Knowing he couldn't match the stylish striptease that she had just performed, Archie fumbled his way out of the jacket, skirt and heels. He removed the bra and thong and then slid the stockings from his legs. When he dared to glance at her he saw that, rather than watching him, Jennifer had been folding her clothes

and placing them inside her briefcase. It was open and, as he watched, she stepped out of her panties and then removed her bra and placed them with the other clothes.

His heart had been racing before.

Now it spurted along with a force so hard and powerful it was the only thing he could hear. The room was dense with silence. His scrotum ached with the desperate need for release. His erection was so painfully hard he could have wailed with the agony it inflicted. He was alone and naked with the woman he revered. They were both aroused and he could conceive of only one possible outcome to the situation.

Jennifer stepped close to him.

Her bare body brushed his sweaty flesh. His erection was touched by her thigh. Her breasts caressed his chest and he felt the glorious thrill of an erect nipple kissing his sternum. She treated him to the lightest kiss on his mouth. Her full lips whispered softly against his before sliding away. One hand traced the shape of his hip, and he willfully resisted the climax that threatened to be wrenched from his body.

Then she was moving away from him.

Retrieving one of his discarded stockings from the floor, she picked it up and rolled it over her left leg. He watched with bemused pleasure as she put on the second stocking and then added the bra and pants. He was briefly reminded of the ludicrous spectacle he had presented while wearing her lingerie. The contrast of Jennifer's divine body encased in the underwear was enough to reinforce the notion of how ridiculous he had looked.

He blushed furiously.

Jennifer pulled on the jacket and then the skirt before stepping into the heels.

His erection refused to subside.

The hard length of flesh twitched with renewed force when Jennifer stepped close to him and stroked one finger along the length of his shaft. She paused, moved her hand to the base of his cock, and then cupped her warm fingers around the taut sac of his balls. Gently—ever so gently—she squeezed.

Archie closed his eyes and fought valiantly against the urge to climax. The

moment of release was almost upon him but he didn't want to disappoint her by showing himself to be so weak and ineffectual that a simple caress was enough to elicit his climax. He kept his eyes squeezed shut until the urge to ejaculate had passed.

When he opened his eyes, he realized Jennifer was no longer in the office. Archie stood naked and alone, his erection still solid and his thoughts constantly returning to the worry that someone might come into the office while Jennifer was away. How he might explain his naked presence in a senior manager's office was something he couldn't begin to contemplate. It was almost a relief when his mobile beeped and offered him the distraction of reading another text message rather than brooding on the predicament she had forced him to endure. As he was retrieving the Nokia from her desk, Archie noticed that her briefcase and his keys were missing. His arousal returned with renewed force as he read Jennifer's message and understood the final humiliation she had planned for him.

c u @ home. make yor own way bak

ROPE BURN

A. D. R. Forte

I first saw her at the bar of Troutbeck's VIP suite at the stadium, tossing back a beer, her long hair pulled into a tight ponytail, the sleeve of her shirt sliding upward to reveal a toned arm as she lifted the glass. Tough girl. But the rest of her didn't fit the tough image, from the pointy high-heeled shoes to the strands of necklaces that glittered and bounced and swung against the generous curves her gauzy shirt and tank top did nothing to hide. She was perched on the leather barstool like a tiny doll. Oh, but she was all woman.

She stood out among the pressed and painted cover girls and trophy wives around her as if she sat in a spotlight. And she paid attention to none of it, drinking her beer and talking to Jay the bartender, occasionally giving a smile and a few minutes to some poor soul who wandered close enough to be noticed. I set out to do more than be noticed.

I waited until a slow moment when Jay was standing near her and then made my move. I walked up, high-fived Jay and gave him a grin. Didn't even look in her direction.

"What up, man?"

"Not much, not much, D. What can I get ya?"

I tried to keep my cool. To not show I felt her presence like a physical touch standing that close to her.

"Rum and coke," I told him.

He walked off and only then did I turn, as if noticing her for the first time. I introduced myself, she took my hand and I forgot everything I meant to say as pleasure ran all through my body and down into my pants at her touch. Never mind that my hand completely covered hers, she shook it firmly and looked me right in the eye.

Looked right through me with those dark, oval eyes when she didn't find anything there to interest her, and I felt myself fumbling for the next thing to say so I wouldn't be dismissed. Not yet.

I'd gotten too accustomed to easy conquests, to women willing to do near about anything for my attention. I'd forgotten what it was like to be the shy, awkward guy the girls don't have the time of day for, but with one glance she'd thrown me back ten years and several million dollars. I could tell none of it mattered to her. My fame, my Super Bowl ring, it meant nothing. I was just another poor fool taking up her time.

"I'm Nova," she told me.

"Nova..."

"It's a pretty name. Yeah, I know." She smiled and released my hand.

For half a second I was furious, then I realized she wasn't being a bitch. She was laughing at herself and laughing at me, but she hadn't dismissed me even if she had read me like a book.

"Not trying to be rude," she said, "but I hear it enough. Too much sometimes."

I apologized, feeling like an idiot for doing it. But somehow I needed to be on my *Ps* and *Qs* with her.

Jay brought my drink over and stayed to talk. He was the reason she was there; he'd invited her to tonight's party even though this wasn't her crowd. Big surprise there.

"I don't know a football from a basketball," she said. "So why I'm here I don't honestly know. Other than that Jay thinks I need to get out more." She looked at him and rolled her eyes.

"Well, you do," Jay replied. He winked and walked away again to attend to a customer. She only shook her head.

"So why does he think you need to get out more? Don't take this the wrong

way, but you don't strike me as the homebody type."

She shrugged. "I guess I just don't have the time. I'm usually doing something else." She taught dance and did cover art and graphic design. Built furniture for fun and sold it at trade shows in the summer.

"Wow. Do you ever sleep?"

She laughed. "Occasionally. I just...I don't know. I have to be shaping things, making things..." Her hands traced patterns in the air. "I get fidgety when I don't create." She lapsed into silence and looked down, frowning. Did she think she'd said too much? All I could think was how much I adored her.

"Well, I consider myself lucky you did come tonight," I said with a smile.

She didn't give me a look of disgust and I was glad because I'd meant it.

"Thanks, Dustin. And I'm glad to have met you too, but I don't want you to get the wrong idea either." She glanced around the lounge and a tired expression crossed her face. She really didn't want to be here, I thought. "I came because Jay asked. I thought it might be fun, I might meet some new people. But I'm not looking."

She swung her gaze back to me, saying more with that look than she had with her words: She wasn't available. She wasn't another gold digger here with her spade ready to make a killing. And she wasn't interested.

I shouldn't have cared, not for a woman so obviously unimpressed when I could easily have had my attentions returned elsewhere, but there is something to that idea about wanting what you can't have. More than that, I wanted *her*. And I don't like to be second best; I don't like to lose.

We talked for two hours—she gave me that much—but seeing her again was out of the question. Even a phone call.

"I'd rather not, I'm sorry." She shook her head at me, shook her head at Jay when he tried to refill her glass. "In fact, it's time I was going."

I don't like to beg, either, but for her I begged. "At least let me get you tickets to a game," I protested when all my entreaties had been shot down.

"What would I do with them?" she said, smiling, shaking her head. "It would be a waste on me when I'm sure there are other people who'd love to be there."

It wounded my pride a little, but I hid it. I had to remind myself she'd been

honest with me. I might as well have been a garbage collector asking her to go on my rounds with me instead of asking her to my game. It meant the same in her world. For the first time in a long time, I was about to lose.

“Okay, I give,” I said at last. “But maybe if you change your mind, you’ll tell Jay? He can let me know.”

She smiled, a tilted, mysterious little smile.

“If I change my mind.”

Her tone said there was no hope, but something in those brown eyes told me otherwise.

“We do have more in common than you realize,” I told her.

“We do?”

“We’re both equally stubborn.”

She laughed. “I’m not so sure about equally,” she said. I had no idea what that was supposed to mean and she wouldn’t elaborate.

“Thank you for a nice evening, Dustin. Good night.”

And that was the end of it.

Game over and she was 1-0.

I thought about her. Too much. I admit it, I Googled her. I found her art online and bought two of her prints, because she didn’t have any originals for sale and it would have been too obvious. The prints I bought reminded me of her: otherworldly landscapes like you’d find on a sci-fi book cover. I hung them in the den and stared at them, trying to imagine what had inspired her when she drew them, whether these were among her favorites or if she hated the end results.

I wore myself out at practice, getting an ass-chewing more than once for overdoing it. But the physical ache in my muscles was better than the longing. I began to realize she might never call and I was driving myself crazy for nothing. I went out a few times with my boys, but irrational guilt kicked in: I had no right to chase after other women. Like I already belonged to her, ball and chain and all.

At confession, I repented the carousing, but I didn't mention my thoughts of her. I couldn't imagine giving voice to those.

I told myself I was acting like a psychopath and not a rational adult, but it didn't help. I wondered how long I could keep going like this and still keep up the appearance of being sane. Probably not that long at this rate, because like it or not, I was obsessed.

Then I got her voice mail.

"Hi. It's Nova." How had she gotten my cell number? Who the hell cared?

"I know it's been a while but if you'd still like to get together, I was thinking maybe we could do lunch some day next week. I know you like Cajun and I have the perfect place in mind. Give me a call if you're interested."

I hung up and sat at my kitchen table holding the phone like it was a copperhead I'd just managed to capture that would either leave me bleeding and poisoned or wriggle away and escape if I wasn't careful. My head was pounding. She had called, Jesus, she had actually called, and I was about to be relieved from this hell she'd left me in since that night. Or so I thought.

I grinned like a kid and punched in her number.

"If you blink, you'll miss the place," she had told me. "But the food is amazing."

She wasn't kidding either. Tucked into a corner lot on a side street, it was easy to miss, but it smelled amazing and it wouldn't have mattered even if the place was a dump because she was waiting for me, sitting at a covered table outside and reading a paperback. The picture of a boy's dream come true.

She smiled when she saw me pull up, stuffed the book into her purse and came to meet me at the restaurant door. Standing on tiptoe, because even the spiked heels weren't enough to negate our difference in height, she kissed my cheek. I didn't know how to respond. Suddenly stupid, I pawed at the door, somehow got it open, and she slid past me with that uneven little smile again that I remembered from our first night. It was a smile that gloated just a tiny bit, but why?

From any other woman I would have known what it meant: getting what she wanted. But what did my delicate Nova want? And how had I given it to her? I

wanted to please her, of course, in any way I could, but I was lost. Totally in the dark except for where she led me.

Why was I doing this to myself? I wondered, as I stood at the counter and stared at the plastic-covered menu so I wouldn't stare at her ass. *Why did I pursue her when all she did was give me confusion and discontent?* I didn't have an answer. All I knew was that it was a compulsion. I had to be with her, just like I had to play. It drove me and there was no denying it, not unless I denied myself.

I looked up, into her indulgent smile.

"Having trouble making up your mind?"

My face burned.

"Yeah, I'm having a hard time thinking."

She laughed and I was happy because I'd amused her. I gave my order to the patiently waiting girl behind the counter who punched it in, and before I could reach for my wallet, Nova had handed her card to the girl.

"Oh no, come on now..." I began, but she silenced me with a look.

"This was my idea, remember?" And as much as I wanted to argue, as much as my pride demanded I argue, I knew I couldn't contradict her. I was subject to her rules.

"So, what made you change your mind?" I asked when we sat, me stirring sugar into my tea, she drinking hers plain after she'd extracted the lemon slice and dropped it into my glass.

She sipped her tea and waited until I looked at her.

"I wanted to see you. I told you the truth that night, I wasn't looking. I haven't been, for some time."

"But?"

"I thought I would try again. I may be wrong, but we'll find out, I suppose." She frowned, realizing probably that she was being cryptic.

"I haven't had much luck finding that connection with someone. And," she smiled, "I'll admit, when I first met you I thought 'not a chance.' But now I'm not sure. I've thought about you a lot."

She said it with wonder in her voice, as if she didn't understand why she was doing this exactly, but found it fascinating all the same. Like her thinking about me was some puzzle to be solved.

I put my hands on the table, turning the palms upward and offering them to her. I didn't dare to take her hands.

"I know," I said. "I don't know why, Nova, and you confuse the hell out of me, but I want you in a way...I just want you."

For a minute more, she sat still, thinking over my simple, desperate confession, maybe trying to decide if I was worth it after all.

"But would you want me in *my* way?" she asked, at last. She was serious, no hint of flirt or flippancy in her eyes as she held my gaze. "Would you let me create my pleasure with you? Would you want that?"

A strand of hair slipped loose to lie against the side of her neck, a dark line snaking down her pale skin into the shadow at the V of her blouse as she leaned over the table. I'd never felt more like the stupid jock, never felt more out of my depth. Or more hopelessly in lust.

"Yes," I told her.

She reached forward and closed her fists over my hands—or as much of them as she could grasp—and I sighed with relief because she'd accepted me after all. Because she'd given me that chance to be hers.

I drove the forty-odd miles out to where she lived in a pretty little restored house with rosebushes out front. Just the kind of place she should have lived in. I stopped at the foot of the front steps and looked up at the door, my heart pounding with anticipation and dread. For the thousandth time I wondered what I was doing. For the thousandth time I gave up trying to find an answer.

I was here. I was hers. That mattered.

She came to the door and stood looking down at me with her tilted smile. Her hair was loose, tucked behind her ears, falling to her elbows like a veil and she looked like a figure out of her own paintings. Or maybe a religious painting. Except that she would be a temptress, not an angel. Not in those jeans that clung to her curvy ass and a silk shirt that just begged to be ripped off.

She held a hand out to me and I ran up the stairs to take it. I kissed it and she stroked my face. Petting me. Rewarding me for my obedience. I was in love.

“Come inside,” she told me, and I followed, blood tingling at the excitement in her voice. She took me to a room filled with light and clutter: sketchbooks and papers and ribbons and half-folded laundry. Pieces of her, scattered everywhere.

“Stand there by the sofa,” she told me, pointing, and as I moved to the spot, I saw the dark purple coils of rope shining in the afternoon sunlight. Out of place against the dainty throw cushions and white fabric of the sofa. I stared at them, transfixed, and I felt her light touch on my arm.

“If this is not what you want, it’s okay.” Her voice was gentle, questioning, and I turned to her to smile. To reassure her.

“It is.”

She told me to stay still and I did my best. But with her hands tearing my clothing away and her nails stroking my skin as the fancy took her, with the scent of her in my head as she walked around and around me, admiring, touching, sometimes caressing, sometimes bruising, my muscles trembled from the effort to not react. To not reach out for her. I wanted to pull her into my arms, throw her on that couch and smother myself in her. I wanted to enter her so slowly, watching for that moment where her face transformed and betrayed her pleasure.

I wanted to thrill her in the way I knew how to, but that wasn’t her way.

So I remained still. Clenching my jaw when she finally, finally unbuttoned my jeans and let my aching cock free. She stroked it, making sure I was fully hard, before she went on undressing me, every so often letting her hair brush my skin, now and then pressing her lips to some tiny inch of my body. Making me sweat from the most innocent of touches, in places I didn’t know could feel such sensation. My arms, my back.

I knew why I’d been drawn to her. She was a master at her art.

Only when she’d caressed me long enough for the cuckoo clock on the wall to chime half-past and the shadows had grown a little longer across the floor, and my cock was in pure torment, only then did she pick up the rope. My cramped muscles demanded movement. When she proceeded to slowly unwind one coil, smoothing and testing the rope, the effort to stay still hurt. Physically hurt. I

gritted my teeth, feeling sweat inch down my spine.

She looked up at me and shook her head, smiling.

“Kneel down, you big monster. I can’t reach you.”

I laughed, with half-relief and half-pleasure and an extra half of disbelief. This was really fucking going to happen, wasn’t it? And I was going to let it happen. Let her tie me up. Jesus.

“Think it’ll hold me?” I asked, teasing, as I eased to my knees while my joints protested the controlled movement. My body wanted unlimited, brutal motion.

She paused in the act of running the strands of rope through her hands to double it and looked at me.

“Yes,” she said and her eyes were serious. “It will hold you.”

I couldn’t breathe. I longed for her kiss on my mouth, but I hadn’t earned it yet so I lowered my eyes and nodded. I felt her lips brush my cheek. She smelled like heaven: sweet and light, just a whisper of scent to make me even harder than before, gone before I could get my fill. And then she’d moved behind me.

She reached for my arms and folded them together behind my back. Instinctively I crossed them, but she uncrossed them and rearranged my hands flat against my forearms, her touch patient, sure and unhurried. I closed my eyes, felt the rope slide over my arms, again and again, rough on my skin but so loose I barely felt the weight of it at all.

I felt her knot it, and the strands tightened. She knotted it again and the pressure increased. Solid, constant weight now, constricting flesh and muscle. I twisted my fingers back and forth experimentally but they met only air and flesh. The knot was square in the middle of my back, out of my reach, and a few tugs assured me I wasn’t getting loose without a lot of effort and a lot of pain. If at all.

I began to wonder if this had been such a good idea after all. I began to think about my career, about whether I could trust her. I barely knew her.

My eyes flew open and she was standing before me, another strand of newly uncoiled rope draped over her palms. Waiting. She saw the panic in my eyes and bent forward to kiss each of my cheeks.

“I understand,” she whispered. “It’s okay.”

Again, another tiny whiff of feminine perfume, promising soft, sweet things. It robbed me of all common sense. I would do anything for more, anything to have her close to me.

She knelt in front of me and sat, legs tucked under her, watching my face. I was ashamed of my thoughts from a minute before. How could I have distrusted her? I wanted to say, “Go on,” but my tongue wouldn’t work. I could only nod, but that was enough.

She ran the doubled length of rope through her hands a few times and I watched, fascinated, as the strands coiled on the floor around her. I was reminded again of a painting: a girl with long hair kneeling, focused on her task. Innocent. It would stay with me, added to the scrapbook in my brain that was all her. I was pleading silently with her to look up at me and she did eventually, when she had satisfied herself about the condition of the rope.

She smiled and reached up to drape a loop of rope like a garland over my head. I could smell her skin now, the scent of her body touched with that hint of something sweet. It wasn’t perfume, maybe deodorant or shampoo. Whatever it was, it drove me insane. I tightened my stomach, fighting the urge to lean into her. To bury my face against her neck and taste her soft skin. What if I did? Would she be annoyed? I decided I didn’t want to know, I didn’t want to risk ruining this perfection.

The rope lay on my chest like a bruise, the dark purple bright against my skin. She knotted it, feeding the rope through the knot like liquid. The loop around my neck scratched like tiny claws on my shoulders and back, irritating, frustrating. I was in hell, one worse than when I’d waited, desperate for her to call. Worse because now she was so close and my own obedience was all that lay between this torture and getting what I wanted. Yeah, I was crazy all right; I had to be to give in to this.

She smoothed the knot and then tied another, against my belly this time. I swallowed in an effort to fight the irritating rope sawing and scrabbling at my skin, and, distracted by the ripple of movement, she stopped. Mischief in her eyes, she gave me an unfathomable look. Then she bent and kissed my stomach. Her hair was silky on my skin. Her lips were moist, the kiss softer, more intimate than any she’d given me before. Sucking gently. I couldn’t help it—my hips bucked forward, seeking relief, and I moaned. She laughed.

“Oh Dustin,” she said, leaning back on her heels and looking at me. “You’re

perfect. You're only half-finished and you're perfect."

I laughed, but it was laughter tinged with desperation, and I shook my head. "Not bad for a dumb jock, huh?"

She frowned at me in mock annoyance and lifted her rope again. "You're not. You're more than you realize. That's why you're here and why I want you."

I was silent. What *do* you say to that?

She was knotting the rope again, this time on my lower belly, and I was on fire, sweating despite the open windows, as if I'd been running sprints. I wanted to ask her what came next but I knew better. Biting my tongue so hard it hurt, praying for an accidental touch on my cock that was throbbing with painful need after that kiss, I watched as she parted the strands and brought them down around my balls and cock. She crossed the strands just beneath my balls and brought them up between the cheeks of my ass. I clenched my jaw hard, harder, doing everything I could not to twist away. Pain radiated through my head; the muscles of my lower back knotted with tension. Urging fight or flight. Anything, anything but allowing her to continue.

I had expected it, but I wasn't prepared. How the hell can you be? I couldn't breathe; panic and anger ran through my veins instead of blood. She was running the rope up under my tied arms, up to the loop still lying loose over my shoulders. The rope between my legs was tightening, rubbing and tickling along my privates, between the cheeks of my ass. It was tightening all over my body, pressing the knots into my chest and belly, reminding me they were there, that they couldn't be ignored. With every breath I took, every little motion, I felt that rope, the pressure and friction and violation of it on my flesh.

And whether I wanted to be or not, I was aroused by it. I was on fire because *she* had done it, and I'd let her. I was fucking sick for wanting it, but I was already craving the next kiss of rope.

She was making me. Creating me. I didn't know myself anymore.

She never showed that she was aware of my excitement, binding my knees with the same slow care. She was too disciplined to allow her art to be rushed, but I saw the sheen on her skin, saw her parted lips and the flush on her cheeks and neck. Outside I didn't move; inside I was wild. I was so caught up in the heat, the sensation, the guilt and the desire, that I forgot what this all meant.

I didn't realize it until she tightened the last knot on my ankles and came to sit on the sofa once again, panting a little from exertion or lust as she looked me over. Finished at last. Bruise-purple rope and white skin. Did I please her? That was all I could think about.

She regained her breath, ran a hand across her forehead and looked at me. A little frown and she stood again, came forward to adjust the rope across my chest, making it even. Fixing. Perfecting. I smiled and watched her smooth each of the trio of knots down my torso. She paused at the lowest and looked up, searching my face. Then she stepped back. Had it been worth the loss of my male pride? Did she like what she saw?

She clasped her hands behind her back and looked me up and down, pursed her lips and gave me her crooked smile.

"So now that you can't move, how do you feel?"

I went hot all over, hotter than before, and then cold. Fucking Christ. I *couldn't* move.

Any attempt and all I'd succeed in would be overbalancing. My weight and height worked against me now, liabilities instead of strengths. Even my hands were hopeless; she had tied the ends of the piece wound around my body to the knot over my arms. I was 204 pounds of solid muscle and I wasn't going anywhere.

She saw me figure it out at last and laughed.

"I've taken your strength from you. I've taken your pride and your power and everything you could use to resist. I'm your Delilah now, love." She paused. She was right; she'd taken everything that made me feel safe, stripping more than my clothes away. She had taken all of my control because I had given it to her.

I didn't have anything left now to offer her, just me. My heart was still racing, but my brain had finally realized the helplessness of my body, finally realized panic was useless. I was finally giving in fully to my submission and the delicious, sodomizing touch of the rope. I nodded.

"So do you still want me? On these terms?"

Her voice was soft, her eyes a little shadowed in case the answer might be no after all. Why did it matter? My body was hers if she wanted it, along with my career and my money. She could take anything she wanted now and I didn't have

a say. There was a sense of crazy, twisted relief in the thought.

She ran a fingernail down my cheek and played with my lips.

“Do you want this?”

“Yes,” I said. “Yes. Yes.” Because I adored her and feared her. I’d be hers on any terms. I didn’t care.

I knew her body would be beautiful, but watching her strip was still an incredible, sinful delight. She pushed me down to lie on the floor first, then stood over me to peel away her clothes, while I lay helpless with the rope digging into my crack and my weight pressing down on my bound arms. I thought maybe it was better I was tied up; I didn’t know if I’d be able to touch her gently enough and I worried I might break her in half, she was so petite. But also so soft, every one of her curves round and erotic. I wanted to taste her, but I couldn’t.

I could only gasp as I felt her mouth, warm on my hard cock, as she lavished moisture and torment on me with her tongue. She sucked at my erection, one finger tracing the line of rope around my crotch, pressing the crossed strands into the space behind my balls. I was dizzy with the overload to my senses, and I was almost there.

So of course, she stopped. She let me writhe and beg and she laughed and scattered kisses on my stomach until she thought I could control myself again. I hurt myself on her knots, the rope cutting into my flesh as I twisted and turned to escape the relentless pleasure of her mouth, as she almost made me come again. As she drove me mad with frustration.

“Do you enjoy this? Does it get you wet to do this to me?”

I was shouting it in anger, but I’m sure she knew I was really just begging for mercy.

She laughed and drew one slender finger between her legs before bringing it to my mouth. Her scent was strong and maddening as I licked eagerly at her wet fingers, but it wasn’t enough. Not near enough. Just a cruel promise of what she wouldn’t let me have.

“Does this answer you?” she whispered. And laughed. Oh, but she was evil.

She finally let me in, climbing over me and fitting her pretty body to mine. I

wriggled to fit my cock inside of her. So wet, incredibly wet and silky around my cock. So easy to thrust up into that softness, so hard not to let the wetness of her push me beyond my control. I'd waited and suffered too much for my reward; I would enjoy every second of fucking her. I would give her the best fuck of her life.

I watched her face like a hawk and she didn't disappoint. Her lips parted in a soundless "Oh" of satisfaction, her pussy clenched around me, wet and hot and excited, and she rode me. Her breasts swayed as she leaned over me, nipples so full and begging to be kissed, tantalizingly out of reach. She let her hair fall to hide the sight of her perfect tits from me, making me thrust even harder so that she would toss her head and I could drink in the sight of those delicate light brown nipples again. Wild and willing, and all I did was thrust and thrust and pray that I'd last long enough. Because she was just too god-damned beautiful.

I thought about losing in the Final Four. I thought about fumbling a game-winning touchdown. I recited stats and scores in my head and mentally replayed every ass-chewing I'd ever got from Little League to last week. Anything to keep my mind off the excruciating pleasure between my thighs and the burning, raw ache of rope scoring my flesh, the pounding pain in my head demanding I let the pent-up need out. Anything to keep thrusting through my agony until she finally cried out my name, her head flung back and her nails buried in my chest.

And then at last I gave in to my desperate body.

I thought that orgasm would kill me, but it didn't. I lived and came back to earth, to her lying across my body and her hair tangled over my face. I closed my eyes and breathed her in. Sighed as she lifted herself because my arms and hands were killing me as the blood began to flow like needles again, and everywhere the rope was like sandpaper driven into my skin. Still, I didn't want her to move.

"Stay," I said.

She hesitated a little and I strained to kiss the tip of her chin.

"Please."

She smiled. "I have to untie you."

"Kiss me first," I begged. While I was still inside of her, while I was still bound and utterly hers. "Kiss me."

She looked at me for a long, long minute; she let me suffer for just a little bit

more. And then she kissed me.

HIS LADY'S MANSERVANT

Andrea Dale

When I came into the room with our suitcases, Melina said, “You may put my valise over there.”

It wasn't so much what she said as how she said it: imperious and dismissive in equal measures. She didn't even turn from the dressing table to look at me, as if I was beneath her notice except to do her bidding.

I opened my mouth to point out that we didn't need to stay in character right now, then realized what she was playing at.

My cock stirred.

Oh, you devious woman.

Melina had laughed and laughed when we'd gotten these roles. When you're an out-of-work actor, which we both are, you'll take pretty much anything that'll pay the bills. Playing key roles in a murder mystery weekend scenario at a swanky Victorian B&B would be a nice chunk of change for not a lot of effort.

Except when Melina read the script and discovered that my role was that of a persnickety, detail-oriented butler.

Her role of lady of the manor fit her just fine. Right now she looked stunning, almost otherworldly, in her cream and gold bustle gown. Her hair piled on her head made her look regal and untouchable, yet incredibly alluring. The only time she ever looked disheveled and out of control was after a particularly rousing

bout of sex, which usually involved her wrists being bound to the bedposts or, on occasion, to her thighs.

On the other hand, at home she despaired of my ability to ever pick my dirty socks off the floor or load the dishwasher rather than forgetting bowls and glasses all over the apartment. This part, she'd said, would be quite a stretch for me.

As prideful as I am of my acting abilities, I had to admit she was right.

So far the staging had gone well. In our roles as Lady Clare Morris-Jones and her manservant Mr. J. Burnett, we'd welcomed our "guests" to our "home" and set the stage for the mayhem to follow. Everyone knew the rule that nothing would happen between the hours of 11:00 p.m. and 8:00 a.m. That gave us, and the cook (the only other actor) enough rest, and meant the guests could relax as well.

"Thank you, Mr. Burnett," she said. "That will be all. You may go."

Go? What did she—? Oh. Because our roles could have been played by people who didn't know each other, I actually did have a bed in the servants' quarters below stairs.

"You don't mean..."

She finally got up then, and with a rustle of skirts pressed up against me. She lay a cool hand against my cheek. "If you play along, I'll make it worth your while tomorrow night," she said.

Her smile was wicked. I hadn't known she had it in her. She was always the one wanting to be tied up and teased.

Then again, I'd always been the one wanting to do it. But the way my cock was responding...

I grabbed my shaving kit and headed for the door. Before I walked out, I sketched a submissive bow toward her.

Her laughter followed me down the hallway, and later curled around my cock along with my fingers as I jacked off in anticipation of the next night.

It wasn't easy for me, but I finally slipped into the role: running a gloved pinkie

over the plate rail to check for dust, picking up empty sherry glasses as soon as they were set down.

But I wasn't perfect, and Melina was always there with a raised eyebrow or a nearly imperceptible shake of her head, if I forgot to hold out a chair for one of the female guests or failed to ask if anyone would like more tea.

Her haughty demeanor was affecting me on several levels. I found myself wanting to please her, to be rewarded by the barest hint of a smile and single nod that said I'd done well.

I also had to find creative ways to keep my cock from tenting my trousers and frightening the guests.

It was a long day.

Finally, it ended. Everyone who was supposed to die had kicked the bucket, all the clues were in place, and the final reveal would happen just after breakfast, giving the guests time to get home before nightfall, satisfied with their fun weekend. It was a rare scenario in which the butler *didn't* do it, so my role tomorrow would be minor, just doing butler-ish things. I was thankful for that, because I suspected—hoped—I wouldn't get a lot of sleep tonight.

As long as I'd done my job well today, I was happy. I always sought to further my craft, but now I had an added incentive: the fear that Melina judged my performance and if she found it wanting, would reject me.

I came to her room with a china cup of warm, honeydolloped milk on a silver tray.

Her "Come" when I knocked made me smile. In my dreams, lady.

"Thank you, Mr. Burnett," she said. I set the tray down and crossed my hands behind my back, waiting for further instruction.

She sipped the milk. "Mr. Burnett," she said again. "I was distressed by your behavior of last night. And, if I'm correct, of this afternoon as well."

Holy crap, how had she known? Did she have a spy somewhere? I felt my face redden at the thought.

"Ah, so I was right," she said.

She was just toying with me. She knew me too well. It probably *had* been obvious when I disappeared before dinner. (It was either that, or bring a whole

new meaning to the concept of serving the guests.) Or maybe the simple fact that I was growing hard again, right now, in my wool trousers, gave me away.

“You are here to serve me, are you not?” she asked.

“Yes, Ma’am,” I said. Melina was taking to this dominance thing far more easily than I’d have expected. Then again, she *was* an excellent actress.

I liked it.

“Then come here and help me prepare for bed.”

First she instructed me to unpin her hair. While I loosened the fragrant tresses, she went to work on the elbow-length cream-colored gloves, unfastening one button at a time. We’re definitely missing out on something major in our less-clothing-is-more modern society; by the time she was peeling the first glove down her arm, I was rock hard.

With the second glove gone, she undid her dress. She stepped out of it with a rustle, and handed it to me to hang up. As much as I wanted to toss it in the corner and get on with things, I did what she wanted, guessing my reward would be worth it.

It was when I was unlacing her corset that it struck me: as I essentially freed her, my actions were binding me to her whims. Not forced bondage by any means—it was entirely by my choice.

She lounged back on the bed, wearing only lace-trimmed bloomers and a matching sleeveless silk camisole and sheer stockings (probably not Victorian period, but oh, so sexy), and told me to undress.

I shucked my clothes, again wanting to leave them where they fell but instead folding them neatly. Melina’s eyes never left me, even as she idly circled one nipple with her finger until the nub blushed dark and hard against the silk.

She was stunning. I wanted to worship her. When she beckoned me to her, I was thrilled that she hadn’t found me wanting.

At her command, I suckled her breasts through the silk. The fabric grew damp and see-through, and when I blew on it, she arched her back and mewled with pleasure.

I tugged her drawers down—they were damp, too, with her musk—and couldn’t resist running the silk across my turgid cock, the fabric excruciatingly

soft between my fist and my sensitized flesh.

“We’ll have none of that.” Melina plucked the bloomers out of my reach. “You’re here for my pleasure.”

She took my wrists and drew my hands to her breasts, even as she urged my head down between her thighs. With her knees, she nudged my legs apart so I was kneeling, not even able to rub my cock against the spread.

Fine. This was her night, her pleasure. I could only hope that if I performed to her satisfaction, I’d get mine as well.

With lips and tongue and fingers, I coaxed her higher and higher, until she came in a series of breathy gasps and moans.

Melina tended to be a screamer, and her muffled orgasm solidified our roles: she as the lady of the manor and I as her manservant, the besotted lover kept secret because of class boundaries.

When she rode me (of course she’d take the dominant position), my thoughts truly were focused on her pleasure. My hands at her breasts, my hips bucking to her rhythm, it wasn’t until she was falling over the edge again and gasping, “Yes, come for me,” that I was finally allowed—that I finally allowed myself—the relief I’d craved.

She didn’t banish me to the servants’ quarters that night, although for the remainder of the weekend she stayed in character.

As I loaded our suitcases into the car, I could only think ahead to when we’d reprise our parts...in private.

TAMING THE UNRULY

Debra Hyde

I try to worship her. I wait at her feet, open to her command, awaiting her lead. I long to please her, but never presume to know how she will want her pleasure. She is exquisite, resplendent, and I am forever blessed that Madam considers me worthy enough to be her toy. It should be perfect, this union of goddess and mere mortal, but it is not. There's trouble in paradise and I am at a loss to stop it.

And it's all my cock's fault.

Rough and urgent, it's like the street urchin of bygone days, shouldering its way around, looking for trouble. It barges about, barreling over the polite, flouting decorum, always demanding a piece of the action. It's a bully. It's constant trouble.

Madam tells me that a nice cock like mine shouldn't be so onerous. It should be patient, able to wait quietly, respectfully, without interruption. Like a well-behaved child, it should be seen and not heard.

But no matter how sincere my submission and no matter how sweet this paradise, my cock mars everything. Even now, as I kneel, head bowed, a silent acolyte awaiting his duties, my cock rises up, challenging the very precept of my lady's power. Erect, it taunts her dominance and refuses to bow in obedience. It knows neither deference nor duty.

In fact, it mocks my lady. A long, rope of sticky precome swings from my cock. Disrespectfully, it drools.

I am mortified.

I ache to hide my cock, but I can't. I am helpless, kneeling, with my arms cuffed behind my back. An unwilling and ashamed accomplice, I want to cry unto heaven, but I can do little more than bear witness to its sins.

Before me sits Madam, regal in her carriage, imperious and strong. She shows no slouch in her posture, no laziness; her presence is precise and powerful. Her long, black hair falls below her shoulders to perch upon the swell of her magnificent breasts. A black bustier accentuates her shapeliness and draws the eye—should the eye brave a glimpse—to her seat. There, peeking from beneath a black garter belt and between fine hosiery, sits Shangri-La. Like a warm, moist oasis, her cunt is a splendor, and I cannot help but steal a glance at its forbidden beauty. Dishonorably, my cock throbs yet again, the heedless explorer wanting to trample that which it has yet to conquer. And, by looking, I have become complicit in its crimes.

Madam raises her foot and aims it between my legs. I stiffen as the toe of her shoe lifts my balls, a tortoiseshelled tip against pale, vulnerable flesh. My balls flop flaccidly, one to each side of her shoe. Stoically, I accept this teasing, but I fail when my cock lewdly lurches at her attention. Beset by shame, I want to bury my face in Madam's breasts like a child, scared and shy. I want to hide myself away from the world. Of course I can't, and I whimper, mealy-mouthed thing that I am.

"Your cock," Madam acknowledges, "is a problem for me."

I lower my head and stare at the floor. Within my field of vision, her foot continues to play with my sac.

"I'm so sorry, Madam," I proffer. I start to explain myself, but Madam, my goddess, interrupts me and states the obvious.

"It has a mind of its own."

She stares at it, silent for a spell, toying with my balls as if it helps her think.

"Brace yourself," she commands.

She digs into my cock then, flat of her shoe to the flat of my erection, sole to the soulless. My cock throbs, greedy for this touch, and acquiesces to her push, to the pinch of the heel against flesh, to the threat of its unlikely puncturing of skin. It yields, backing up against my belly, where it props firm and hardy before

her.

Its proud bearing humiliates me and I am helpless against it and Madam's shoe, yet when Madam moves her foot against it, twisting and turning as if she's snuffing out a cigarette, I cannot stay silent for long. My balls tighten, ecstasy rising within.

"No! Please, stop!" I stammer. Begging, I reiterate, "Please!" Pitifully, the words spill from me.

"Stop? Why?"

"Because...because it...it will come."

"It?" she muses, pulling her foot from me. "It? So you agree? It has a mind of its own?"

"Yes," I desperately admit. "Yes, it does. I try to control it, but I can't. I'm so sorry." My whine is abject, but Madam ignores it.

"Stand," she instructs.

I comply, striking the pose I know she expects: hands still behind my back, legs spread, posture straight, eyes forward. But to my chagrin, my cock bobs in her face, adding insult to injury. This new ignominy crushes me.

Madam laughs. Can she see my horror? Does she mock it? Before I can apologize, she reaches out and wraps her hand around my cock. Her touch jolts me. My breath catches in my throat, halting my amends. Her hand slips up and down my shaft, a gesture so unforeseen that I gasp in wonder.

"Yes," she observes, "it has a mind of its own. And I've come to believe that no matter how humble your every effort might be, your cock will always keep you from perfection."

I slouch, disappointed and discouraged.

"Stand straight! The truth is no reason to abandon your posture!"

Hastily, I resume my stance, telling myself to take it like a man.

"Since your cock is dishonest," she resumed, "I feel I have no alternative but to train it in ways far harder than I've trained the rest of you. In fact, it's possible that by ignoring it, I have actually bred this brat of yours."

She grips my cock hard at the base and, without warning, slaps it. I grunt at

the impact, a sting sudden and delicious.

“But no more. It’s time to break a bad habit.”

Madam slaps it three times but instead of withering under her cruelty, my cock bulges harder. My breath catches in my throat again, this time so hard a lump forms. Fear and delight choke me. Raking my shaft with her long, fake nails, Madam tests me. What she does is not really painful. The sensations are strong, forceful, and startling, but a cat scratch hurts worse.

“Your cock likes this. *You* like it.”

“Yes, Madam.”

“You’ve long held fantasies of cock-and-ball torture, haven’t you?”

Her statement astonishes me, so much so that my admission sticks in my throat. Her hand grips my balls and squeezes until pressure forces the words from me.

“Yes! For years!”

She eases up. “And finally you’ve come far enough in your training to convince me to undertake your cock’s training. You’re a lucky man.”

I want to jest and tell her that my future is in her hands, but she renews her squeeze and again my ability to speak sinks away. Visions of ball stretching, cock bondage and whippings rush my mind. I imagine rope wrapped around my sac and running the length of my cock, my genitals raging purple in this longed-for captivity. I envision a slender whip, tailored for a single purpose, imparting its sting between my legs. This, too, my cock will consume, wild beast that it is. I imagine piercings, tattoos, a leash forcing me to follow her—all marks of ownership that I’ve long ached for.

Yes, I want it. I want it all.

“First lesson: your cock will endure whatever I set upon it. Understood?”

I nod. “Yes, Madam.”

Madam tightens her grip and sweet sensation turns to crushing pain. Stars flood my vision; I’m almost faint. Yet my mind manages to flash an image of her heel, gargantuan in proportion, crushing and grinding a minuscule me into the ground. I buckle. Dazed, conquered, I slip from her grip, landing hard on my knees. As I gasp for relief, she reiterates, “Whatever I set upon it.”

“Yes,” I heave.

“Good.”

Madam sounds exceptionally pleased. Curiosity piqued, I open my eyes and gaze up at her. Her smile is luminous and she takes my breath away all over again. Meekly, I blush, but she ignores it, gazing elsewhere. She points across the room and tells me to get on my back. I creep to the spot on my knees, lower myself to my side and roll onto my back. Staring at the ceiling, I feel like a lamb lying down before the lion. I decide that I am sacrificially hers.

Metal rings out, singing like a sword drawn from its sheath. It is not a stalwart weapon that my Amazon mistress brings forth, but a sturdy spreader bar. She splays me with that implement, spreads wide my legs. My cock lurches and I moan. Madam does not acknowledge my moan, does not care whether it expresses sheer lust or abject degradation. Is it a show of mercy or a complete lack of regard? The latter pokes at my insecurities, prods cruelly—until Madam’s hand close around my ball sac again. Worry fades before wonder.

Her fingers ring the space where my sac meets the base of my cock. She tugs, stretches me, pulling my balls to the bottom of my sac. More fingers choke my sac, and a delicious pressure bears down on my balls. I think of metal collars, three of them, thick and heavy, their weight stretching me long and low. I dream of my cock and balls poking through the glory hole of a butterfly board, needles at hand and ready to pierce. These things, I fantasize, will tame my unrepentant penis.

But liquid bubbling at my cock’s slit tells me I’m wrong, that my wish will not be easily realized. Madam laughs and rubs the wet pearl into the head of my cock. She loosens her grip on my sac but startles me anew by pushing my balls up out of my sac, into an inner cavity. There, they rest alongside the base of my shaft, oddities misplaced for my madam’s delight. She laughs again, puckishly, and finally I feel the grip of rope around my sac. But it’s empty flesh, void of its key properties.

Madam teases me. “It looks like an empty burlap bag.” She strokes it. “I’ll have to do something about that.”

Something pinches and a small but intense sensation races through me. A second pinch and, upon its burn, I realize she’s using small clothespins. She adorns me, working until a thicket of pins decorate my sac. I discover that

flinching makes the pins rattle and pain ripples through me. I'm frightened, but only until a deep, profound awe washes over me. Fear no longer dominates; submission does. I am vessel and vassal—tool and toy, the means to her pleasure. I am hers.

Then, a miracle: she straddles me, hovers above me, over my face. Poised there, her scent is strong, commanding, and it fills my senses. When she lowers herself onto my face, I am transported.

She, however, is more pragmatic. "Lick me," she demands. "Make me wet."

I know this procedure. Madam does not want to come; she simply wants to be made slick, and dutifully, I cater to her demand, slathering her with my spit. It is a function I cherish. Compliance is duty and duty, worship.

"Good," she claims. "Well done." I beam, a giddy idiot, as she pulls away.

And when she mounts me, I turn stupid. I grin as her cunt swallows me, as I'm buried in the downward slide of her wet hollow, but when she rises, I feel it: the pull on my cock draws my sac with it—the clothespins rake my thighs. I feel like a perverted Rube Goldberg contraption, sadistically created, masochistically cranked into action.

Masochistica, I foolishly name myself, a creation of my madam's doing. But my train of thought vanishes as Madam's sweet cunt envelopes me. Primed, its nectar pours down, coating my cock with its plenty, and its flesh ripples over me, pulling and pushing. Action and reaction converge in the luxuriant feel of the fuck and the scouring pull of clothespins, and I don't want this Newtonian pull to end.

Madam reaches for her vibrator and puts it to her clit. As it succors her in ways that I can't, she commands, "Fuck me." She holds herself still, closes her eyes and seeks that ultimate appeasement.

I pump, my cock a tool, a piston, to her beckoning. I'm finally appreciative of its erect endurance, and I wish my hands were free so I could clasp her hips and thrust deeper, faster. But the bondage limits me and renders me clumsy. My shoulders ache from their long immobility, and where my erection does not fail, I fear my fatigue will. I close my eyes and shove the pain from my awareness. I think of my cock, her cunt, her command. Fuck me. *Fuck me*. Fuck.

Fuck, fuck, fuck.

The word becomes a mantra, echoes within me, and I thrust with every silent utterance. I am a cock. I plunge, retreat, and ram anew. I know nothing but this repetition of fuck, fuck, fuck. I lose the fine awareness of Madam's sweet cunt and know only that I coarsely plunder as commanded.

I'm jerked from this headspace when I'm grabbed from within—Madam, coming. She has spilled into ecstasy and her cunt throttles me in spasms so strong that my own swell begins to form.

"Don't come," she gasps as she indulges in her fading orgasm. "Don't you dare come."

"I won't," I assure her, amazed by Madam's intuitive prescience. I slow my pace to match the last of her throbs, then moan when she dismounts and my cock slides from her sweet depths. Cool air nips it and I shiver, making the now-forgotten clothespins rattle.

Oddly, my sac feels nothing. Numbed, it has become complacent to its rugged adornment. That, I know, will soon end, and when Madam brushes a carefree hand over the clothespins, I steel myself.

Pain rifles through me when she pulls off the first one. She is not kind about it, does not gently open it and slowly remove. No, she simply pulls it off. I expect more of this, brace for it, but I'm left confused when Madam does not follow through.

Instead, she rolls me onto my side and frees my hands. Slowly I bring them to my belly. My shoulders ache as I flex the stiffness from my arms. I baby my hands, reluctant to rush them into the pins-and-needles pain that will reawaken them.

Madam, however, has other plans.

"Grab your cock. Stroke it."

My cock? With my numb hand? For a moment, I hesitate, but I cannot deny Madam. I bring my frozen hand to my cock, wrap the deadened fingers around its rigid erection, and, grimacing, struggle to stroke myself. My hand awakens, prickling in sharp explosions. Groans join my grimace—and Madam continues my slow torment clothespin by clothespin. I yelp as she pulls them off, as painful circulation returns to my hand and my sac, spreading and burning like wildfire.

"Keep stroking that cock of yours," she tells me. "You don't want to lose out

on the chance to come.”

She’s right; I don’t. But pain wraps itself around my cock and in my sac. A second mantra emerges—Pain. *Pain, pain, pain*—and I stroke as hard as I had fucked, willing the pain to transform itself, to aid me as I reach for orgasm. I want one thing and one thing only: that which will fulfill my madam’s demands. Nothing else matters.

Nothing else matters—*nothing else, nothing else*.

Bliss nears. In the haze of desire and pain, it approaches. *Nothing else matters*. It surges toward climax, closer to achieving what Madam wants, and my soul smiles like an idiot.

Then shock.

Sudden and unbidden, an intrusion.

Forced into me.

And it presses hard against that sweet spot, the one that men only reluctantly acknowledge. It rubs, flickering fast, nearly as fast as I’m working my cock.

It takes only seconds. Provoked, climax comes. I shout as orgasm surges through me, as flow erupts, as I shoot like a geyser. It’s as immense as the pain I’ve endured, as complete a draining as Madam is likely to ever get from me. I lie covered in my own slick mess, my hand, my cock, my belly. It’s reached far, too. Madam plays with the stuff that has pooled in the crevice of my sternum, her finger swirling indolently.

“You see?” she tells me, her eyes glimmering, joyful in authority. “I’ll have your cock tamed in no time.”

I believe her. I really do. I think of that intrusion, its force and consequence, and my idiot grin returns.

Conquered, my cock will be. Tamed, I already am.

THE BIG WHAT

Michael Hemmingson

1. *Property*

Things changed between Sloan and me the night after we had a threesome, had a mock wedding, and proclaimed our love to each other forever. I was now her husband and she was now my wife and despite the fact that the wedding was nowhere near legal by any means, she took our vows quite seriously.

“The first thing you are going to do,” she said, “is get a tattoo.”

“A tattoo?” I said.

“Yes,” she said, “and that tattoo will read: PROPERTY OF SLOAN TYME.”

“Where do you want this tattoo?” I asked.

“Anywhere, as long as it’s on your skin and as long as it’s big enough for me to read and admire and show to all my friends.”

“Show?”

“That you are *mine*,” she said, “that you are my *property*.”

2. *History*

It didn’t start out with Sloan. First there was Lulu (a stage name). I had been living in Palm Springs after inheriting a house from my grandmother, and going into L.A. two or three times a week, playing the Hollywood game and trying to sell screenplays and TV pilot scripts. I had an agent, a manager, a lawyer, and a

pile of scripts. Sometimes I optioned something and, in true Hollywood fashion, the project went nowhere and disappeared. During my trips into Tinseltown, I started to visit stripper bars; there were many to choose from on Sunset, on Santa Monica, in Burbank and in North Hollywood. The one I liked the most was this little place near Hollywood and Western called the Happy Room.

I was surprised to find out that many of the dancers had MFAs, were painters or stand-up comedians or in law school. One, Lulu, a tall redheaded beauty with dreadlocks and many tattoos, told me (as she gave me a lap dance, her ass in my face) that she was writing a screenplay. “Isn’t everyone?” I said.

When she found out I had optioned my screenplays to some production companies and low-level producers, she said, “You should take me out to dinner so I can pick your brain.” We went to Vitello’s, the Italian joint in Studio City where, in 2001, Robert Blake had dinner with his wife and then shot her, though he was later acquitted. “Will you shoot me?” Lulu asked. “With your sperm maybe?”

Yes, I did. And I kept seeing her each time I went into L.A. but I wasn’t sure if she was really interested. I stole a bottle of fine tequila at a lame event sponsored by Fox Networks, met up with Lulu for dinner, shared the tequila with her, and then we went to the Happy Room and shared the tequila with a fellow dancer, Sloan. Sloan drank a lot and got so drunk she couldn’t dance or stand; she was in tears, weeping about how hard her life was. The bouncer threatened to break my fingers for doing this but Lulu said it wasn’t my fault. The bouncer said, “She is your responsibility,” so Lulu and I took Sloan back to my motel room and put her in the bed. Lulu left. I was tired, and slept next to Sloan.

Sloan woke up at eight in the morning and she had no idea where she was or who I was and how she wound up in this motel room. She thought I had taken advantage of her. She called me “a pig rapist.” She grabbed her purse and pulled out a switch-blade and said, “*I will slice you open, you swine!*” She chased me around the room and tried to stab me; I pleaded for her to remember: the tequila, Lulu. She stopped. She remembered. She said, “I’m sorry; I overreacted.”

We went to breakfast at a diner across the street, had pancakes and eggs. We talked. She kept apologizing for trying to murder me and I said it was okay. We went back to the motel room and she started to cry. She said things were hard lately, her life was out of control and she was very lonely because she had no one, no partner, no one to share things with. I said I was lonely too and I held

her. We held each other. We kissed. We held each other on the bed. We made love—yes, love, it wasn't a fuck. I felt very close to her and it had been a long time since I'd felt close to anyone; this was real, she was real, and very few things in Los Angeles are ever real.

3. *Mystery*

“You *will* get that tattoo,” she said. “You *will* be branded.”

4. *Lap Dance*

I didn't see Sloan again for two months; I was in Palm Springs and there was no reason to go into L.A. When I did, I walked into the Happy Room at midnight and Sloan was onstage, shaking her ass and tits. I tossed a few dollars onstage; she smiled at me like I was a new customer and she had no recognition. Later, I asked for a lap dance and while she was grinding her ass into my crotch, I said, “Do you remember me?” and she said, “Of course I do, you're my soul mate,” and I said, “Oh?” and she said, “And soon you will be my bitch.” I told her I always wanted to be someone's bitch and she said now was the time, the time was right; fate and destiny had brought me to her.

5. *Sexually*

Lulu stopped working at the Happy Room. I had no idea where she went and it didn't matter, I only went there to see Sloan. She would email me what shifts she was working, and I'd go there and I'd buy her drinks. I'd only pay attention to her. When she got off her shift, we'd go back to my motel room. After a while, she said, “Why waste money on a room, you can stay at my place.” She had a small house just a few blocks away from the club, off of Hollywood Boulevard.

6. *Threesome*

Sloan was in the shower and I was checking my email when a tall blonde girl with a large nose ring walked in, acting like she owned the place, like she

belonged there—and as far as I knew, she did.

“Hi,” she said.

“Hi,” I said.

“Where’s Sloan?”

“Shower.”

“Yum.”

“Wet.”

“You’re the new boyfriend?”

“I’m Dog Face Reilly.”

“What?”

“Ever see *The Big Sleep*?”

“The Big What?”

“Philip Marlowe.”

“The cigarette company?”

“That’s Morris, baby.”

“Who you calling ‘baby,’ sweetheart?”

“I’m sure you’ve heard of Humphrey Bogart,” I said.

“Play it again, Sam,” she said.

“Can I make you a drink, whoever you are? Or should I just call you what’s-her-name?”

“My name is Jessica and I’ll have that drink later; first I need to talk to Sloan.”

“She’s in the shower.”

“So you said.”

“She likes to take long showers.”

“I know.”

“I bet you do.”

“What are you *implying*?”

“I’m not *inferring* anything.”

“I’ll see you in a bit,” Jessica said. She turned around and wiggled her ass; I admired its shape under those tight jeans. She went to the bathroom and opened the door. I heard Sloan yelp with surprise, and “*YOU!*” Wondered if Jessica was someone who wasn’t supposed to be here. Sloan squealed and she sounded delighted and Jessica made a similar sound and then there was... silence...five minutes of silence.

I could hear the shower running.

Then a faint giggle.

Then Sloan: “HEY YOU!”

“Yeah,” I said.

“COME IN HERE! *NOW!*”

It was an order I obeyed.

I didn’t know what to expect, but I admit my imagination was working, and I wasn’t disappointed. It was what I had hoped: Sloan and Jessica were in the shower together, touching and kissing.

“Wow,” I said.

“Join,” Sloan said.

7. *Buttons*

We had the usual fun that happens when three people get together for sex: the entanglements and twisting and watching and kissing and licking and swapping of fluids. Jessica said she had some peyote buttons. Sloan said that was cool. I had tried peyote once, in high school, and I remembered throwing up and then having a lot of fun. Jessica had the buttons in her purse. We took them. We didn’t puke. We fucked. Everything slowly, gradually, became beautiful and perfect. We were gorgeous and wonderful and my hard cock looked and felt three feet long, penetrating both of them deeply. We laughed, we cried, we cheered, we cried, we held each other and said we loved each other.

“I think you’re perfect for Sloan,” said Jessica, “better than the thugs she usually dates.”

“Hey,” Sloan said, and giggled. “Thuggos!”

“You should marry this gal,” Jessica said.

“Okay,” I said. “Sloan: marry me.”

“Really?”

“Yes.”

Sloan hugged me and said, “Okay, okay, I’ll be your wife and you can be my husband and we’ll be in bliss forever.”

“I can marry you two right now!” Jessica said. “I have one of those minister cards I got for ten dollars. I am a fully ordained reverend of the Church of the Universal Galactic Mind.”

She pulled out her license from said Church and showed us. So we did it. Sloan and I said some kind of vows and Jessica proclaimed us man and wife.

And then Sloan married Jessica and me.

And then I married Jessica and Sloan.

And then we had peyote sex all night.

8. *Morning*

Sloan had breakfast in bed ready for me when I woke up: eggs and bacon and pancakes and coffee on a dinner tray. “For my new husband,” she said.

9. *Branded*

She was serious about the tattoo. With her nails, Sloan cut into my skin and said she would give me a blood tattoo. I didn’t like to bleed.

“You’re mine now,” she said, “and if you don’t—if you don’t show the world, then forget it: I want a divorce.”

An hour later, we went to a tattoo parlor she knew and liked by Hollywood

and La Brea. I wasn't going to get it on my lower back like a bitch. I got it on my right ankle: PROPERTY OF SLOAN TYME.

10. Ass

But that wasn't the end. She said she had a wonderful surprise for me at home. First we had dinner, pasta with wine. We dined in candlelight, soft and slow jazz on the CD player. It all seemed very romantic. I was happy. I could live this way.

We went to bed and got naked and kissed.

"It's time for you to do your spousal duties," she said. She reached under the bed and brought out a bag. In the bag, still packaged, was a strap-on dildo. The rubber cock was very large and pink. Also in the bag was a hefty tube of Astroglide.

"What?" I said.

"Don't you sass me!" Sloan said. "Your ass is mine, remember? You're my *property* and you will do what I want."

I wasn't going to argue. I didn't want to argue. I was, needless to say, intrigued. I watched, mesmerized, as she removed the strap-on dick from its packaging and fitted it onto her hips.

She grabbed her new cock and stroked it and said, in a low voice: "I'm gonna fuck your brains out, baby."

What do you say to something like that?

Next, she applied a large gob of the lubricant on her nine inches of pink rubber love.

She said, "Turn around, get on your stomach."

I turned around, lying there on the bed.

She said, "Now spread those asscheeks."

I reached around and spread them.

"More," she said, "let me see that sweet brown ass-pussy."

I did as she ordered.

“Good, good little husband,” said my new wife, “*good.*”

THE MEAN GIRL

Teresa Noelle Roberts

I'm wearing the outfit," Heather told me, her voice a husky, amused—or was that aroused?—whisper. "Are you sure you're up for this game?"

Instead of Yes, yes, yes, I simply answered, "Let me see!"

In response, she drew her long coat—a huge gray wool thing, surplus from some Eastern European army—more tightly around her. "Not until you ask me properly."

This time there was no mistaking: she was amused and aroused, both.

I knew what I had to do. Knew and hated it, even though the idea was going straight to my cock.

Even though this scene had been my idea—in concept if not details—in the first place.

I knelt before her and lowered my eyes. "Please show me," I said. "Please, I'm begging you."

Then I bowed down until my head rested on her foot. She wore battered penny loafers, rather than her usual flame-patterned stompy boots, and the images that went with those unassuming brown shoes surged through my brain and into my balls.

"For you?" she said, her voice turned into an aristocratic sneer. "I don't think so. I don't do trolls."

The same words that Muffy Spaulding (of the Westport Spauldings) had said to me—oh, it had to be fifteen years ago now—when she was a student at the venerable boarding school in my hometown and I was a townie boy—a troll—who dared to express my interest in her.

They'd stung, but as she'd said them, they'd seemed all too right. A girl like her wouldn't want anything to do with a guy like me: son of a grease monkey, grandson of a grease monkey, and likely to have been a grease monkey himself if a couple of teachers hadn't encouraged my interest in science. Which made me a geek, not much more marketable to the Muffy Spauldings of the world.

And now those humiliating words went straight to my cock.

They had back then, too, but I couldn't begin to understand it at that age. Now I understood why I'd kept throwing myself against the rock of Muffy's contempt, why I'd preferred her contempt over some other, nicer girl's kindness and desire.

I understood now thanks to Heather. Heather who could be cruel because it amused her, but also because it aroused me. Because she loved me, and our love for each other was wrapped up in my need to worship and give myself to a woman who seemed above me.

"Please. I just want to look at you. I won't touch you or anything unless you tell me to. Just look. Worship. You're so beautiful. So perfect. Please. I'll do anything you want."

She smiled, not Heather's usual mischievous, warm grin, but something much bitchier and colder, the way a cat would smile at the mouse it was abusing if cats were built for smiling. "I like the *beautiful and perfect* bit. And I do like a guy who'll do anything I want." She stared down at me, taking in the worn Metallica T-shirt and old jeans I'd dredged up from the Salvation Army for the occasion. "Take your clothes off. Now."

That, Muffy Spaulding had never said to me.

At seventeen, I'd have cut off my left foot if it would have made her tell me to strip. But I'd also have been embarrassed as hell by the imperious demand. "What..." I said, only partly acting. I could already feel myself—my adult, public self, a senior researcher at a biotech firm, confident and successful—slipping away, replaced by a shy, awkward, ragingly horny teenager who would endure any humiliation for the girl he wanted.

“I said ‘get naked.’ You’re almost cute in your pathetic townie way, but that outfit has to go. I don’t want to look at such hideous clothes.”

I complied. As I scrambled to my feet to get rid of the jeans, though, she put her hands on my shoulders and barked, “On your knees. Or your back, if that’s what you have to do to undress. I like you at my feet. It’s where you belong.”

Only when I’d managed to wiggle out of the jeans while lying on the floor and was once again kneeling at her feet did she deign to take off her coat, dropping it casually onto the floor as if she figured a maid would pick it up.

I expected a fetish-store “naughty schoolgirl” outfit with a super-short plaid skirt and a blouse unbuttoned to the place a horny teenage boy would want it to be. But she’d done one better. Somehow, she’d gotten her hands on a proper school uniform: a neat pleated navy-and-green plaid skirt that stopped just above her elegant knees, a white cotton blouse, and a navy blazer. Navy kneesocks, even.

Perfect.

Heather looked like a WASP goddess, tall and leggy and athletically slim, with straight, sandy-blonde hair just long enough to wear in a neat ponytail, gray-blue eyes, and the kind of regular, high-cheekboned face that hadn’t changed since she was seventeen and would hardly change until she was seventy. That uniform suited her like she’d been born to it.

Looks, of course, can be deceiving. The closest she’d ever been to a prep school was reading *Catcher in the Rye* in high school English, and when I’d first met her, her hair looked like a parrot—scarlet with yellow and green streaks. And if she hadn’t had a nature to match the wild hair, I wouldn’t be where I was now. At her feet, naked, kneeling and humbled, humiliated—and happier than I’d ever been before I’d met her.

“Like what you see?” It was more demand than question, and I knew what she wanted. Luckily, it was exactly what I wanted to tell her.

“Thank you. Thank you so much. You’re so beautiful. I’m barely worthy to look at you, let alone touch you.”

“But you want to touch me, don’t you? Your scrawny little dick’s ready to burst just thinking about it.” Her stern demeanor broke a bit at “scrawny little dick,” and she barely suppressed a giggle. Still, I felt compelled to glance down

at my own body and see that my cock was the same unexceptional but satisfactory size it always had been.

She grabbed a handful of my hair and forced my head up so I looked at her. The rough touch thrilled through me like her fingers wrapping around my cock would under other circumstances. “Admit it. You’re just another horny townie bastard who wants to stick his miserable townie dick in me.”

I wasn’t sure what the right response to this was. It was the kind of question where there probably wasn’t a right answer. “You’re too far above me. Like a goddess. I can’t imagine it.”

She snorted, nudged my cock with her loafered foot—gently, but it still filled me with a mixture of dread and paradoxical excitement. “Right. Like I believe you, with that gross little boner staring at me.”

“No...I mean, of course I want to. You’re beautiful and I’m a horny bastard like you said. But you’re way out of my league. Way too cool and gorgeous for me.”

“You’re right.” An evil grin. “I’d never let a guy like you fuck me.” She and I both used that word all the time, without thinking anything of it. But with her in that uniform, the word sounded obscene and harsh as it passed her pink-glossed lips. Harsh and obscene and taboo and hot. “But you know, I’m thirsty. If you can make me a perfect cosmopolitan and bring it back in here on your knees—without spilling a drop—we might be able to work something out.”

Thank God she picked a drink I already knew how to make. They were favorites of hers and I’d worked hard to perfect them.

I crawled off toward the kitchen, wincing at the hardwood floor, dreading the ceramic tiles in the kitchen, and looking forward to standing to actually make the drink—there was no way I could reach the liquor cabinet from my knees.

But with each wince, I thought of Heather. Thought of the trade-off I was making: my discomfort for her pleasure. She was more than worth it.

I finished making the drink, set it gingerly down on the floor—then stopped, stumped. She’d said to bring it back on my knees. I couldn’t very well carry it while I was crawling. I could pour it into an empty water bottle and tuck the bottle under my chin or something, but I couldn’t imagine that awkward presentation would win any points.

Carefully avoiding the drink, I tried “walking” on my knees.

It worked. Not gracefully, and certainly not comfortably, but it worked.

I picked up the drink and slowly and carefully made my way back to the living room.

She looked so glorious standing there in that uniform, a look of superiority on her beautiful face, I forgot all about my sore knees.

My heart was actually racing, I was so fearful I might spill the drink and displease her. I had a couple of close calls, but with a combination of luck and great care, I made it to Heather’s feet safely and raised the drink to her. “Please. I hope you like it.”

She grabbed the glass roughly, dashing a few drops over the rim. “Uh-oh,” she said, her voice laced with malice, “you spilled some.”

“You...” I bit my tongue. The details of tonight’s game might be new, but I knew the overall rules: the concept of fairness didn’t apply. “You are right. I’m clumsy and I’m really, really sorry.”

“Some got on my shoe. Lick it off.”

I eyed the loafer dubiously. Like the rest of the uniform, the shoes had probably come from a secondhand store—and unlike the uniform, they weren’t in especially good condition.

“Do it. You said you’d do anything I wanted if I’d let you look at me. Prove it.”

Her voice was harsh, disgusted, not like Heather’s even when Heather was domming me. I shuddered, half with fear and half with lust, and pressed my lips to the shoe.

“Don’t kiss. Okay, you can kiss if you must, but lick. Clean that mess up, troll.”

I obeyed. I couldn’t help obeying.

I tasted leather and a hint of dust, maybe a few sticky drops of alcohol.

I tasted every humiliation I’d ever faced in my hopeless pursuit of Muffy Spaulding—made new and fresh and delicious because now it was coming from Heather, whom I loved. Whom I really did worship, kinky games aside.

I tasted my own tears falling on her shoes.

Finally, she tugged on my hair, pulling me upright. “You made me a good drink. And you have an enthusiastic tongue. I can think of better uses for it.”

Breaking role for a second, she bent down and licked the tears away.

Then she raised her skirt and pressed my head between her legs.

Not Muffy—at least not Muffy as I’d imagined her, with cotton panties covering a neat blonde bush and a tight, serene sex; a superior cunt that butter wouldn’t melt in. Definitely Heather —waxed clean and no panties and pierced labia and a flood of delicious, smoky juices on my tongue as soon as I began to lick and probe.

She began moaning almost immediately, pressing herself against my face, and I felt a thrill of gratitude and pleasure to know she was enjoying my humiliation as much as I was.

I wanted to wrap one arm around her to pull her closer. Wanted to fill her with my fingers, feel her contracting around me. But I was obedient to her whim rather than my own, and Heather-as-Mean-Prep-School-Girl just wanted a simple licking.

A simple, long licking, one that bathed my face in her juices as I felt her convulsing against me. One hand rested on my shoulder, occasionally driving in her nails. The other gripped my hair, pressing me against her so hard I could hardly breathe. Not that I cared at that point. I could think of far worse ways to go than suffocating against Heather’s beautiful pussy.

My cock ached with need, I was drowning in Heather’s juices, and I was in heaven.

Finally, she gave a little yelp and pushed me away. “That was...wow.” She took a deep breath, put her mean mask back on, a little askew on her orgasm-shattered features. “Guess there’s something to be said for townie boys after all. Your dick may be scrawny, but you’ve learned to compensate.” She shoved me back with one hand, not hard, but hard enough I got the point I was *supposed* to do a controlled fall onto my back.

“Now what are we going to do about that?” she said, running her hand up and down my throbbing erection, none too gently—just the way I craved it when I was feeling like a lowly worshipper. “I already said I wouldn’t let you fuck me,

and I never go back on my word.” She grinned evilly. “I know. *I’ll fuck you.*”

She wheeled around, fumbled in the huge pocket of her discarded coat and pulled out a paper bag.

She shook out a familiar strap-on harness—a sight that sent shudders of anticipation through me—lube, and a dildo about the size of one that she’d used in my ass many delicious times—but plaid. Somehow, she’d found a plaid dildo that almost matched the skirt.

I could feel my eyes widening.

She tossed the lube at me. “Lube yourself up and do a good job,” she said. “Guys like you need to be fucked in the ass by a girl, shown who’s in charge.”

“Yes...” I moaned as the cold lube shocked my asshole. “You’re right. I’m sure you’re right.” Somewhere out in the real world she knew I loved ass sex, and I knew I loved ass sex, but most of me was deep in my role as an inexperienced high school boy and I couldn’t help feeling a little dread as well.

“Fuck your ass with your fingers, you nasty troll,” she ordered, but I already was, slipping first one, then two fingers inside myself, putting on a good show for her, fighting the temptation to finger my prostate and get myself off because it wasn’t what she wanted. She wanted me like this, red faced and suffering and needing her.

Even with a lewd plaid strap-on sticking out from under her skirt, Heather somehow managed to look cool and collected, not a hair out of place. “You’re so beautiful,” I moaned.

“And you’re townie scum who’s about to get his ass fucked by a girl. Roll over. Hands and knees. Ass high, head down.”

My cock brushed the floor as I positioned myself, and it was all I could do not to come.

Then the head of the dildo nudged against my ass, and Heather grabbed my hips. She knew what I could take, and I knew what I needed, and as she pushed into me, I pushed back onto plaid silicone, feeling it open me wider. It was almost painful, but in the best way. I pushed back harder, took more in.

“You little slut! You love this, don’t you?”

“You know...I do.” It was getting harder to talk, what with the dark, intense

sensation of Heather fucking my ass as hard as she could and the way my balls were tightening, and the floor hard and rough under my knees reminding me I was low, a thing for her pleasure, a troll.

But there was one thing I had to say before I lost control, lost the power of speech, forgot to tell her in the rush of sensation. “Love you. Need you. Worship you.”

She reached around, wrapped her hand around my straining cock. “Don’t say it. Show it. Come for me now. Show me what an ass-whore you are.”

The room went dark, then bright, and there was nothing but her hand, her silicone cock riding my ass, my cock exploding all over the floor.

“Gross,” she said in that prissy prep-school voice. “Should have known a guy like you would make a mess.” She pulled out of me, minced off.

The room felt cold, empty. My eyes filled with tears, but I wouldn’t let them fall. In my muddled mind, it was the right end to the story, that I amused her for a while as a butt to her erotic cruelty, but not enough to bridge the gap between her perfection and my lowliness. I had reached too high, and I was alone, and it was sad but as it should be.

And then she came back, still in the uniform, but with her hair loose and wild, her expression warm and open, no longer a mean snob of a schoolgirl, but the woman I loved and worshipped. She knelt down next to me, kissed along my spine and up the back of my neck until she reached my ear. “Love you,” she whispered. “Love you, need you, want you. Now get off the floor, silly. It’s cold, and I want to hold you, and the bed will be a lot more comfortable. My dear, beautiful boy.”

At those words—those words that were pure Heather—I remembered who I was, and what I was. Not low, not scum, not a troll, but exalted and worthy because a goddess—no, not a goddess, but something better, a wonderful woman—loved me.

I let the tears fall.

And my goddess, my golden girl in a prep-school uniform, my beloved kissed them away.

CONNECTION

Kristina Wright

The phone rang and Richard jumped off the bed, as if someone had burst into the room. He knew it was her, though he couldn't have said why he knew. He had turned his cell phone off; he didn't want to talk to her. Now she was calling his hotel room.

He strode across the room, away from the phone, trying to get away from her. The phone continued to ring. Once, twice, three times, the irritating noise cutting off midway through the fourth ring. He let out a breath he hadn't realized he was holding. It was the middle of the night, but he was wide awake, pulse racing.

After a moment of blessed silence, the phone began to ring again. He told himself he would answer only because she wouldn't stop calling, but there was a part of him that feared she *would* stop calling if he didn't answer. The thought of silence was more unbearable than the inevitable, painful fight that was coming. So he answered.

"What?"

He heard her breathy sigh. "You have to talk to me, Richard."

"You told me what you needed to tell me. What more is there to say?"

"Stop being so stubborn. Talk to me."

He sat on the edge of the bed, his back rigid. "What do you want to talk about?"

"Tell me what you're feeling," she said. "I need to know."

He exploded. "My girlfriend cheats on me when I'm three thousand miles

away and can't do anything about it. How do you think I feel?"

"Pissed off."

"Yeah," he said, bitterly. It was easier to hold on to the anger than it was to examine the other feelings churning in his gut. "You could say that."

"It's understandable. You have every right to be angry."

Her validating his anger didn't make him feel any better. "Why?"

There was a pause before she answered. "I honestly don't know. I was lonely. I was horny. It just happened. It wasn't planned. It wasn't even sex, really."

He thought he might be sick. He swallowed hard. "What was it, *really*?"

Again, she hesitated. "It doesn't matter."

Some part of him, that part that didn't want to peer too closely at his own feelings, latched on to her hesitation. He needed to focus on her, not on how he was feeling. Because if he turned his inquiry inward, he would have to admit things he didn't want to admit. If he addressed the source of his anger, he would have to confess that when Kendra had told him she'd cheated on him, his first response hadn't been anger, it had been arousal. The anger came not in reaction to her infidelity, but to his excitement over that infidelity. He felt bile rising in his throat. He was pissed off at himself, not her. And that was something he simply couldn't admit to Kendra.

"It does matter," he said. "It matters to me."

"Why?" she asked, a pleading note in her voice. "Why does it matter what I did?"

The more she avoided answering the question, the more he needed to know. "If you didn't get fucked, what did you do?"

He felt a little rush when he said "fucked," and thought of Kendra writhing beneath some random stranger. Only, she said it wasn't sex. That made him angry, too. Why put him through this torture if all she did was make out with some guy? Or was it a girl? He was angry at her vague infidelity and frustrated with her evasiveness, but he was also hard. Achingly hard.

"I performed oral sex on him." Her voice was flat, empty. "That's it. Okay?"

His cock jumped. "You sucked some guy's dick and you say 'that's it'?"

“You don’t have to be vulgar about it.”

Oh, but he did. He needed to be vulgar and nasty, he needed to hear her say it, tell him what a whore she’d been. “Don’t act like you’re Little Miss Purity,” he said. He wore his anger like a cape of righteousness. “You’re just a little cocksucker.”

“That’s enough, Richard,” she said. Her voice was stronger now, unwavering. “I think you like talking like that because it’s getting you hot to think about me giving another man oral sex.”

It was his turn to hesitate. How did she know? Because she knew him too well, he admitted to himself. She knew what turned him on and the fact that she was so careful to phrase it in nongraphic language only frustrated him further. She wasn’t going to give him what he wanted, even though she *knew* what he wanted.

“You like hearing about it, don’t you?” she asked, when he remained silent. “*Don’t you*, Richard?”

He couldn’t help himself. She had turned the tables on him and, heaven help him, he was getting off on that, too. “Yes,” he whispered. “I do.”

“That’s what I thought.” She didn’t sound angry, she sounded almost glad. “It didn’t mean anything, Richard. It was a one-time thing. It won’t happen again.”

He felt...disappointment. He needed more. He needed so much more. “Tell me about it,” he said. “Tell me. Please.”

“You really want to know? You really have to hear all the graphic details?” She sounded imperious, and he felt a little better. “You want to know what a little slut your girlfriend is?”

“Yes.” He was practically panting and he knew she could hear it. He hoped she could, anyway. “Please.”

“Take out your cock.”

His dick twitched in his pants as if responding to her command. “Why?”

“So you can imagine every dirty detail.”

He didn’t argue. With trembling hands, he unfastened his pants and freed his rigid erection. He was so fucking hard, even his own touch was more arousing than usual. He resisted the urge to stroke himself. Not yet. Not just yet.

“Are you hard?” She didn’t bother asking if he’d done what she demanded. “Is your cock hard for me?”

“So fucking hard,” he said, through gritted teeth. “Bitch.”

Kendra laughed softly. “You love it.”

There was no point denying it.

“Tell me,” he said.

When she didn’t respond, he softened his tone.

“Please, tell me. I need to know.”

“It was an accident,” she began, “but I’d be lying if I said I didn’t enjoy it.”

He caught his breath. Did he really want to hear the blow-by-blow, as it were? He shook his head. He did.

“He came over to look at my portfolio,” she said.

“Yeah, right.”

“Are you going to let me tell this? If not, I can let you go.”

He sighed. “Sorry. Go ahead. He came to look at your portfolio.” *And then he came in your mouth.* He thought it, but he didn’t say it.

“Yeah. He wanted to commission me to do some portraits.” She hesitated. “We had some wine; you know how I am after a long day.”

“I know,” he said, encouraging her. He was impatient to get to the sex. The blow job. He wanted to hear about his girlfriend sucking off some guy. “You had some wine to relax.”

“Uh-huh,” she said, sounding relieved that he understood. “He looked at my headshots first.”

And then you gave him head.

“Then he started thumbing through the nudes.”

The image of some man sitting in her apartment, looking at naked pictures of her... He knew those pictures, knew them well. His cock twitched. Absently, he stretched out on the bed and stroked himself lightly, running the palm of his hand over the head, smearing the precome along his shaft. He couldn’t help himself, he groaned softly.

“Are you touching yourself?”

“Yes.”

“Stop. Don’t touch yourself while I’m telling you about this,” she demanded.

“Why not? Isn’t that why you’re telling me? Don’t you want to get me hot?”

She laughed. “Yes, but you’re already hot. I don’t want you finishing too soon. I’ll tell you when you can jerk off.”

Her tone was firm. He liked it. He liked it more than he liked touching himself at that moment, so he released his cock. Her way was better, anyway. The anticipation would make his orgasm so much harder.

“So, he’s looking at my nudes and I notice he’s getting hard,” she said. “Hard like you are now. Hard from looking at me sprawled across your parents’ floor. Remember that day?”

He remembered. He remembered her, all business, setting up her photographic equipment, stripping down, adjusting the settings, stretching out across the floor, spreading her legs, spreading her pussy... He remembered when she was finished, the two of them fucking on that hard floor, her on top, controlling everything, using the remote to take pictures. He groaned.

“I guess you remember.” She sounded pleased.

“Did you show him the ones of us?”

“Of course not!”

She sounded so offended at the suggestion, he couldn’t help but laugh. “So you do have some standards.”

“Look who’s talking,” she taunted. “You’re hard as a rock, waiting to hear what happened next so you can jerk off to it.”

“What happened next?” His throat was dry, but sweat beaded on his forehead. “Did he force himself on you?”

“Not hardly. I was horny, Richard. I was hot and wet knowing he’d gotten hard looking at my pictures. I asked him if I could go down on him.”

“You asked?” He hadn’t expected that. “You asked to suck him off?”

“Yeah,” she whispered. “I practically begged for it.”

He was breathing hard now, his cock feeling hot and heavy, aching to be stroked. "You begged."

"Yeah."

"Whore."

"Yeah."

He reached for his cock, but hesitated. Even now, even with the admission of the pleasure she'd taken from her infidelity still hanging in the air between them, he was hesitant to disobey. He wanted her approval.

"I need to touch myself," he confessed. He could feel the heat rising in his cheeks, as if he were the one who'd admitted some wrongdoing. "I'm so hard it hurts."

"Poor baby," she said, and her voice was sympathetic. "You like that your girlfriend was a whore for some other man."

"Please," he said. "I can't take much more."

"Not yet."

He whimpered. It was the most pathetic sound he'd ever heard, but the sound escaped his lips before he could bite it back.

"He unzipped his pants and I crawled between his legs," she said. "Oh my God, Richard, he was so big and hard."

"Bigger than me?" He looked down at his erection, aching to be touched. "There's no way he was harder."

"A little bigger than you," she said. "I took the head in my mouth and just swirled my tongue around it, like I do you."

"I bet it made him crazy."

She sighed, as if remembering the sensation. "It did. He twisted my hair in his hands and tried to get me to suck more, but I wouldn't. I just kept sucking the head, tasting him."

He didn't want to ask, but he had to. "Did he taste good?"

"Oh, Richard, he tasted so fucking good. He pulled my hair just right, too. I was soaked through my jeans."

“You are such a little slut.”

“Mmm, yes I am,” she said, as if he’d just complimented her. “I loved sucking his big, thick cock. I kept sliding a little farther down each time, taking more of him in my mouth. It was impossible to take it all, but I tried.”

“Did you gag?” He hoped she’d gagged. He wanted to imagine her gagging and drooling on this stranger’s cock. “Did he force your head down until you couldn’t breathe?”

“Oh yeah. I loved it,” she said. “I was such a little animal by then, I didn’t care.”

“I bet.”

“Richard?”

He took a breath. “Yeah?”

“You can jerk off now, on one condition.”

“What?” He could practically hear her licking her lips.

“You don’t come until I tell you to.”

He wanted to say no. He wanted to tell her she couldn’t control him like that. He wanted to hang up and just finish himself off without having to listen to her self-satisfied chuckle. “Okay.”

“Good. Where was I?”

It took him a moment to respond. His hand felt so good wrapped around his engorged cock. He stared down at himself, at the head bulging up around his fist, red and angry, precome glistening on the tip. “You were gagging on his cock.”

“Yeah, I was,” she said. “He was whispering my name, telling me how good it felt to be down my throat.”

Richard groaned, stroking himself roughly, imaging it was his cock down Kendra’s throat. “How long did it last?”

“Longer than you will,” she taunted. “It seemed to last forever. My jaw ached for two days. I couldn’t get enough of him. I wanted to suck him all night.” Just a few more strokes and he would come.

“Are you close?”

He grunted.

“Mmm. He went completely still right before he came down my throat. You know how you men are.”

He knew.

“I hung on for dear life as he started spurting down my throat. I just kept swallowing and swallowing. His balls were so full.”

“So are mine,” he said, between gritted teeth.

She lowered her voice to a murmur. “I came while his cock was still spurting down my throat. I stuck my hand in my pants and played with my clit until I came.”

She gasped and it was then he realized she was masturbating, too. The knowledge struck him like a blow and he moaned, his balls tightening up in response.

“Richard, oh damn, I need to come,” she panted. “Ask me his name.”

He felt light-headed, disoriented. His cock was so heavy, so ready. He was stroking furiously, right on the edge, but she hadn’t given him permission. “What?”

“Ask me his name,” she repeated, slowly. “Ask me and then you can come.”

That registered. He asked, but his throat was so dry it wasn’t audible. He licked his lips and tried again. “What was his name?”

“George. It was George. I sucked him, Richard,” she gasped, trailing off to a moan. “Oh God, George. George!”

His cock throbbed in his hand as spurt after spurt of semen shot up his belly, even as high as his chest. He groaned, the sensation was almost painful, but he kept jerking his cock. He imagined Kendra rubbing her cunt, getting off to the memory of some guy named George coming in her mouth.

“It was George,” she moaned again, urgently, as if it held some significance. “Oh, Richard, it was George and it was so fucking good.”

“You made me come,” he said. “I’m a mess.”

She was still breathing hard. “That’s all you have to say?”

“Yeah.” He kept touching his cock, but lightly. “I don’t care. I know I should, but I don’t.”

“But it was *George*,” she said, again.

He searched his emotions for some sign of jealousy. It had been there before and it might come back, but it was absent in the aftermath of his orgasm. As long as she could make him feel like this, she could fuck anyone she wanted.

“I don’t care what you did, baby,” he said again. “I don’t even care *who* it was.”

She paused for a long moment, with only the sound of her breathing on the line. “I want him again, Richard,” she whimpered. “I want him inside me next time. I want George to fuck me.”

He only knew one George. His father.

“I don’t care if you fuck him. I *want* you to fuck him,” he said, his cock already semihard. “Just tell me about it when you’re done.”

“All the nasty details?”

He rubbed his cock. “Yeah.”

“Good boy,” she said. “Because he’s on his way over now.”

ABOUT THE AUTHORS

SYLVANE ALISTAIR has been active in the BDSM scene for a long time and finally decided to write about it.

LEE ASH is a U.K. author who has published half a dozen erotic novels and novellas, and countless short stories, all firmly set within the punishing genre of BDSM. He writes principally for the U.K. imprint Silver Moon and has been a regular contributor to the website Darker Pleasures.

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DEBRA HYDE believes that the way to a man's brain is through his cock and, like the madam in her story, she has done a fair bit of cock training herself. Her short erotic fiction appears in numerous anthologies, most recently *Got a Minute?*, *Lust: Erotic Fantasies by Women*, *Hard Road*, *Easy Riding: Lesbian Biker Erotica*, and the notable *She's on Top/He's on Top* collections. Her erotic novel, *Inequities*, was published by the Neon Books imprint in late 2007. She

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Her writing has been published in over one hundred anthologies, including *Best American Erotica 2004* and *2006*, *Everything You Know About Sex Is Wrong*, *Single State of the Union*, and *Desire: Women Write About Wanting*, as well as *AVN*, *Bust*, Cleansheets.com, *Cosmo UK*, *Diva*, *Huffington Post*, Mediabistro.com, Memoirville.com, *Newsday*, *New York Post*, Oxygen.com, *Penthouse*, *Playgirl*, *Punk Planet*, *San Francisco Chronicle*, *Time Out New York* and *Zink*. Rachel has appeared on “The Berman and Berman Show,” “Family Business,” NY1, “Naked New York,” and “In The Life.” In her spare time, she hunts down the country’s best cupcakes and blogs about them at cupcakestakethecake.blogspot.com. Visit her at www.rachelkramerbussel.com and read more about female dominance and male submission at the *Yes, Ma’am* blog at yesmaam.wordpress.com.

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